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NOTES.

LORD ROSEBERY'S letter resigning the leadership of the Liberal party has been praised in the Liberal Press for its "dignity," "frankness," "generosity," and goodness knows what besides. We find it childish in bad taste, querulousness, and ineptitude. Fancy putting forward a "conflict of opinion with Mr. Gladstone" as a chief cause of his resignation. As we have shown in a leading article, Lord Rosebery was compelled to resign because Sir William Vernon Harcourt refused to follow him, and proved in the last Session of Parliament that he was incomparably more necessary to his party than his titular chief. Lord Rosebery now drags in Mr. Gladstone's name to cover his defeat, in spite of the fact that the G. O. M., according to the Liberal journals, nominated him as his successor and so helped him to the Premiership. "The situation," Lord Rosebery is forced to admit, "is not altogether new"; but "I complain of no one." We should think not, indeed; the only person he could complain of is himself for not being strong enough and able enough to keep the position luck won for him. And now he resumes his "liberty of action," he is "a free man" and going "to speak his mind." Alas! we cannot believe him. If he would only "speak his mind" about Sir William Vernon Harcourt, and Mr. Asquith and the rest we should have an interesting half-hour reading his speech.

The itch to be "free" in order to "speak one's mind" is characteristic of talented mediocrity. Mr. Grant Allen feels it as acutely as Lord Rosebery; but the worst of it is that when they become free they have nothing important to say. "How high I could jump were it not for the air that presses upon me," cries clever conceit; but the strong man recognizes the inevitable conditions of life's contest and does his best without whining or complaint. One of the finest things in the world, if one thinks of it properly, is that the inexorable restrictions and limitations have now and then increased the accomplishment of genius. The latter part of "Don Quixote" would never have been conceived had not Cervantes suffered long years of poverty and obscurity. Water puts out a little fire, but feeds a great one. This cant of freedom is ridiculous; after all, what can the world do to you if you do "speak out your mind"? Certainly less than it has done to better men.

The contrast between the reception accorded to the first Muscovite embassy to France two hundred and eighty-one years ago, and that given to the present Tsar is sufficiently striking to deserve a few words. When, in 1615, Michael III., the founder of the Romanoff

dynasty, sent word to the Court of France that he had dispatched an embassy, and requested, in accord with the custom of the time, the expenses of its journey to the capital and the cost of its maintenance during its stay there, Marie de' Medici and her counsellors, Concini included, considered the message nothing less than a huge piece of mystification. It is a positive fact that the Tsar of Muscovy had either not been heard of, or, if heard of at all, was considered *une quantité négligeable*. Nevertheless, at the advice of the accredited ambassadors of the other Powers, the head of the mission, which had meanwhile landed at Havre, was communicated with in a favourable sense; but the reply was couched in officially polite but by no means enthusiastic terms.

To prove this lukewarmness, it is sufficient to state that the mission was kept waiting for a full fortnight at St. Denis, where, at the suggestion of the "Introduit des Ambassadeurs," it had taken up its quarters at the hostelry of "L'Epée Royale," pending the decision of the Ministers of Louis XIII., then a minor, as to the amount of the expenses to be allowed, which was finally fixed at 2,400 livres—considerably less than £100 sterling—not an important sum, even in those days. The expenses previous to the arrival of the mission at St. Denis were not paid by the French Court.

It is announced by telegram from Peking that China has agreed to allow Russia the privilege of bringing the Siberian railway through Chinese Manchuria, by which the line will be strengthened and a considerable détour avoided. The news may be readily accepted as accurate. It is added, however, that permission to construct a branch line through Southern Manchuria has been refused, which is more doubtful information. China is not in a position to refuse Russia anything earnestly desired by the latter Power, and what in all probability has occurred is that Russia has withdrawn the portion of the proposed Railway Convention referring to the South. The reason is obvious. When Russia preferred her request for this concession, Japan appeared firmly established in Korea, and there seemed little prospect of obtaining an open port on the Korean coast such as Russia really desires, unless by an act of aggression which would certainly be resented by Great Britain. Since then the position has changed. Japan made some very bad blunders in Korea, her officials even being implicated in the *coup d'état* which led to the Queen's murder, with the result that the King some months ago took refuge at the Russian Legation, and Russia's power in the peninsula has steadily increased. Now, as we pointed out a couple of weeks ago, Russia is in a position to bring her railway down to Port Lazareff without breach of her compact with Great Britain not to occupy Korean territory, and she can therefore readily abandon the

alternative project of carrying a branch line to Talienswan, which, besides presenting serious engineering difficulties, would not provide her Siberian provinces with a much better outlet than at present. The information from Peking, instead of showing that Russia has suffered a check, merely indicates her advance along lines of least resistance.

Another piece of news from the Far East is not so easily disposed of, for one would require to know a good deal of what is going on in Peking before pronouncing definite judgment as to its import. It is that China is going to adopt an active railway policy, and that Sheng Taotai, the newly appointed Director of Railways, will begin with the Hankow-Peking line. Now this may mean what it seems to mean, or, as we are inclined to think, it may mean the opposite. Not to put too fine a point upon it, Sheng Taotai is a bad lot, and the probability is that, instead of getting the department ready to help Li Hung-chang when he arrives from his trip round the world, the object of the move is to baffle and oppose the ex-Viceroy, who undoubtedly means to promote a railway system if he can—that the Hankow line is to be used as a red herring in fact. The construction of this great trunk line was solemnly decreed years ago, and Chang Chi Tung was entrusted with the construction of it; but, needless to say, not a sod has been turned, which, however, did not prevent Chang Chi Tung from appropriating various sums of money for the work. The news from Peking this winter will be interesting, for there will doubtless be a stand-up fight between Li Hung-chang and the Palace gang, and the rate of construction of the railway will be a good measure of the influence regained by the ex-Viceroy of Pechili.

Mr. Byron Reed's death, from a carriage accident, was no doubt due partly to the fact that a month or so before he had been thrown out of a hansom on his head. The late member for East Bradford was popular with his political friends; for, in addition to being good-natured and sympathetic, he was a capital fighter. He was even liked by the Radicals, who always respect earnestness in politics, and never mind hard-hitting. But Mr. Byron Reed was one of those men who ought to have gone to the Bar, for which he had every qualification—a resonant voice, plenty of push, and a commonplace mind. For the game of politics he was inadequately equipped with money, and partly for this reason, and partly because his style of rhetoric savoured rather of the stump, he never made any position for himself in the House of Commons. What he might have done with his opportunity in this Parliament no one can say. The Church Defence Association will have to engage another champion.

East Bradford returned a Radical in 1885, a Conservative in 1886, a Radical in 1892, and a Conservative in 1895. Most politicians who are no longer in the first blush of youth look askance at such a record, for if a man wants office of any kind there is no greater disqualification than an unsafe seat in Parliament. The aspirant had better be outside the House altogether, for no Government will risk an adverse bye-election for its dearest friend. Notwithstanding its shocking reputation for infidelity, it is understood that Lord Charles Beresford is willing to woo East Bradford, and, to be sure, sailors never have set an exaggerated value on constancy. At the Carlton great eagerness is expressed that Lord Charles should stand, not only because the party are anxious to get him back in the House, but because he is believed to be the only man in whose favour one or two troublesome local candidates would retire.

Bradford, as a manufacturing town, suffers from foreign tariffs almost as much as Sheffield. Lord Masham is, of course, a Bradford manufacturer, and would presumably support a candidate who was in favour of fiscal reform. Lord Charles Beresford is too sensible a man not to see that some other means must be taken to cope with foreign competition than bemoaning and bowing down before it. To fight a Radical like Mr. W. S. Caine, with his bigoted

and splenetic attacks upon *l'homme moyen sensuel*, no better candidate could be got than the gallant lord, who would also be able to keep Mr. Goschen up to the mark on the manning of the navy. If Mr. Caine does not stand, there are plenty of unhorsed knights on the Radical side like Mr. Shaw Lefevre, Mr. Byles, and Mr. Alpheus Cleophas Morton, who would be only too delighted to try conclusions with "Charlie" Beresford.

There is joy in the Cobden Club this week. The British Iron Trade Association has published statistics concerning the production of steel during the first half of the current year, and they show an advance. But we are by this time pretty conversant with the ways of the British Iron Trade Association. Right through the 'Eighties that body's reports fairly weltered in optimism. The combined iron and steel trades of this country were at their zenith, and manufacturers were bidden to jubilate at their prosperity. A farther-sighted policy would have counselled more circumspect joy; at the least it would have urged our people to beware of the tremendous increases being made by Germany and Belgium, to say nothing of the United States, Austria, Russia, and Sweden. When the Association did eventually call its members' attention to foreign competition, it was to hoist a signal of distress over the danger looming ahead and the loss already suffered. With this in remembrance, our spirits are not quick to rise at the first optimistic bidding of the British Iron Trade Association. We bear in mind, moreover, that the advance of steel is usually at the expense of iron (which it is rapidly superseding), and that damps considerably our capacity for cheering; also that much of the steel recently manufactured in England has gone to German ship-yards, which are beginning competition with our yards in deadly earnest, and that adds to the difficulty of shouting ourselves hoarse with joy. Finally, we await the complete returns from Germany, Belgium, America and the rest, before reposing in the belief that we are re-establishing our supremacy.

Sir Bernhard Samuelson's article on "Technical Education and Foreign Competition," in our present number, will doubtless breed fresh perplexity in the minds of some of our contemporaries. It puzzles them beyond measure when we admit—nay, insist—that our present fiscal system, despite its rottenness, is not the sole cause of successful foreign rivalry. As a fact, we lay great stress on the need for better technical education; indeed, if Sir B. Samuelson had emphasized yet more strongly than he has done our need in this respect, we should have been at one with him. Even greater stress do we lay on the more intelligent and vigorous business methods of our rivals; many a market is lost to us through sheer stupidity and supineness. If our commercial supremacy is to be held, it will be by no one reform, but by the co-operation of State-help and self-help, both prosecuted much more effectively than has been the case hitherto. Sir B. Samuelson urges the Inquiry into Foreign Competition, the need for which Lord Rosebery emphasized in his Epsom speech. Certain members of Parliament are going about now seeking the cause of its non-appearance. Towards the end of the Session there was an understanding, based on the best authority, that the Government had positively decided to nominate a Commission of Inquiry—had practically nominated it. Then the Cabinet suddenly altered its mind, and withheld the appointment. Why?

The steps that are being taken to meet the impending scarcity in Northern India show the progress that has been made since the days, only fifteen or twenty years ago, when such an event was sufficient to paralyse the government of a province. Now everything goes like clockwork. The surveys and measurements have all been made in advance and the plans prepared, and all that is necessary is to set the people to work under the splendidly efficient engineering department at railway-making, tank-making, and well-sinking. It will be remembered that in the last Budget many millions of rupees were provided for railways, so that the money question raises no difficulties. All that will happen is that some of the funds allocated to the important Burmese lines, especially that to Kunlon Ferry, will be

diverted to the small cross-country lines awaiting construction in the North-West. This "scheme of Public Works" is now kept ready in every province, and the people can be set to work at once on remunerative labour without the panic and jobbery that were only too common under the old system. There have been grain riots here and there, it is true; but that only means that the "bunniahs" have been at their old tricks of forcing up the price so as to make a dishonest penny out of the troubles of their countrymen. The railway system renders this sort of thing impossible now on any large scale, and the well-stocked districts are able to pour in their surplus supply, with the result that a fall in price has already set in.

Mr. Cripps, Q.C., M.P., is in imminent danger of being set down as a prig. He does not read his "Times" like other mortals; but "my attention has been called" to a letter in that journal by Lord Cranborne on the subject of Rate-aid *v.* State-aid for Voluntary Schools. Then Mr. Cripps administers a solemn rebuke to Sir John Gorst for his "cynicism," which, considering the ages, Parliamentary standing, and political experience of the two men, is sufficiently amusing. This week Lord Cranborne answers Mr. Cripps with ease and effect. There is nothing sacrosanct about "the settlement of 1870"; it does not work, and must be altered. There is no principle at all about the assertion that assistance from the rates involves the appointment of teachers by the local authority and undenominational teaching. Jewish schools in London are now supported by the rates. Lord Cranborne is quite right in pointing out that State-aid, in so far as it is a part of the annual taxation, is absolutely at the mercy of the House of Commons. Still—

The London County Council has got to work for the winter, and it is clear that the water question will be the great battle-ground in the immediate future. There should really be no ground for contention, and we have no doubt that if the leading partisans could be got together in a room, with no reporters present, there would be no difficulty in arriving at a settlement. But the parties are already manœuvring for the next election, so one side must clamorously demand more than it expects to get, while the other cries out against such shameless roguery. That there should be a representative body, having complete control over the water supply of the metropolis, and that that body should have power to purchase the existing undertakings, and, if necessary, to acquire fresh sources of supply, seem to us to be elementary propositions. They are good sense in themselves, and they have received the sanction of repeated Commissions and Governments. Why, then, should not a measure on these lines be carried through next Session, so as to remove the water question from the sphere of claptrap and partisanship? Some day fresh supplies from Wales or elsewhere will certainly be wanted, and London should see about securing a water area before other Corporations have seized all the best spots.

The Forest Department in India seems to be suffering from the cheeseparing knife, and its advocates complain that this is doubly hard, because it has been actually making money for the Government. It is now a handsomely remunerative department, the profits having been going up steadily ever since 1875, when for the five years ending at that period they stood at 11 lakhs. In the five years ending 1895 they stood at 53 lakhs. Yet a little concession granted by the Secretary of State in 1895 to "Forest officers"—an extra pension of Rs1,000 a year after three years' approved service as head of the department in any province—has been carried out with a proviso that robs it of its value. As notified by the "Government Gazette" of India the other day, it is made to apply only to "Conservators of the first grade." Now this is a technical rank, only held by six Conservators out of nineteen, who are heads of the department in provinces, taking India and Burma together.

Of course the Financial Department understands that just as well as the Forest officers, but, as usual, it is

obliged somehow to save the sixpence. Though the agent in carrying out mean little tricks of this sort, the Government in India is rarely to blame. The authorities at home are the people who make promises, and then deny India the right to use its own discretion in providing the money to meet them. Meanwhile the Anglo-Indian officer goes on doing his duty because he is an Englishman abroad, and a self-respecting animal as a rule; but if the Englishman at home appreciated the bitter sense of injustice under which the Indian services are suffering, complaints of the kind before us would stir up sympathies on this side of Brindisi that might lead to discoveries of an interesting nature as to the real distribution of responsibility.

The proposed Doctors' Union which is to keep up fees just as the Dockers' Union seeks to keep up wages, has been seriously discussed by some of our contemporaries from whom better things might be expected. How do doctors imagine that they are going to constitute an organization which shall prevent their patientless brother from underselling them when he has the chance? They can hardly hope to induce, say, Dr. Robson Roose or Dr. Hughlings Jackson to go out on picket duty. The argument that certain unprofessional brethren are reducing doctoring to a mere trade is the merest pretence. What could more tend to reduce doctoring to a mere trade than a refusal to attend a patient for less than a certain fee, to be determined by a Doctors' Union? Doctors find competition severe no doubt, as do members of other professions; but doctors will be on the down grade indeed when they consent to emulate the tactics of malcontent dockers.

This is the season when very young men and somewhat elderly ladies foregather to hold valedictory services in honour of departing missionaries. Would it be too much if we suggest that a point to be emphasized at these meetings is the mixing of a little discretion with missionary zeal? That this is necessary will be found from the relation of an incident recently occurring in Japan, which might have had serious immediate consequences, and even as it is may be expected to have unpleasant results, being bitterly commented on by Japanese vernacular papers. At the end of August a number of missionaries, who had arrived in Japan from China to spend the hot season in the coolness of the hills, engaged men to take them over mountain passes to their destination by means of *kago*, a sort of sedan-chair carried on poles. During the journey rain began to fall and the weather grew stormy, and on reaching the missionary holiday-camp the bearers, whose exceedingly laborious work had thus been made still more laborious by the weather, asked for an increase in the fare originally arranged. Something was paid, but the men persisted that they were entitled to more, and on being refused became somewhat threatening in their demeanour, at last requesting the foreigners to come with them to the police station. The missionaries, however, content to be their own judges of what was fair and reasonable, refused, and, as a final reply to the bearers' request, fired a revolver into the crowd, with the result, as one missionary afterwards gleefully related in a local paper, that "twenty or thirty able-bodied coolies, with their carrying poles," quickly disappeared at the "bark of a 'bull-dog' revolver."

The sum in dispute was 47½ sen, or about elevenpence-three-farthings, which, for the sake of peace and quietness, was ultimately paid by the Japan missionaries on behalf of their brethren from China. On account of this elevenpence-three-farthings, the most bitter feelings have been aroused against foreigners in the little watering-place of Arima, no discrimination of course being made by the Japanese between missionaries and merchants, and it is reported that foreigners in general have since found much difficulty in obtaining bearers. This little incident, trivial as it is in itself, very well exemplifies the origin of the many disputes and of the constant ill-feeling which exists in China between missionaries and natives, the arrogance of the former being at the bottom of much of the hostility displayed by the latter.

EXIT LORD ROSEBERY.

THE true inwardness of Lord Rosebery's resignation does not appear to have been fully appreciated by the Press or by the public. And yet, as often happens, the truth is infinitely more interesting and more dramatic than the conventional fictions with which men try to clothe it. Lord Rosebery has held the leadership of the Liberal party for two years—let us see how he won it and how he lost it. He won it, as we declared at the time, by a sort of fluke, a peculiar combination of circumstances dexterously used. When Mr. Gladstone resigned the Premiership a leader had to be found. His lieutenants were numerous and able. As the oldest of them Sir William Vernon Harcourt ought to have had the preference, but a large section of Liberals followed the "Daily Chronicle" in believing that his motives were too interested, his principles, if we may use the term, too personal to entitle him to lead the new Democratic party. Mr. Morley had done good work and was beloved of the Irish, but it was universally felt that he was too scholastic, too rigid, too jejune to be thought of as leader. Mr. Asquith had come to the front with a rush and had made an imposing reputation in a very short time, but his refusal to gratify the Irish by releasing the dynamiters had chilled the more fervent members of the party, and this came to reinforce the objections raised against him on account of his short term of service. Sir Henry Fowler, too, had ability, but, like Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, his ability was not of the commanding type; besides, both were too prudent, too solid in figure, so to speak, to catch the popular fancy. The fact that these five men all stood very much on the same level gave Lord Rosebery his opportunity. It must be admitted that he used it with rare dexterity. In a fortnight he managed to win both branches of the Liberal party. The Whigs were told that Lord Rosebery's foreign policy was as safe and prudent as that of Lord Salisbury; that he was no "Little Englander" eager to give up Egypt and to sing small in the Concert of Europe, but an Imperialist of the Imperialists, to whom the honour and prestige of England might be safely entrusted. Furthermore, it was adroitly put about that Lord Rosebery was *persona gratissima* in the highest quarters; that the advent to power of the New Democratic party with Lord Rosebery as leader need excite no apprehension. Thus the Whigs were won over—careful, solid men, with a stake in the country and an eye to peerages in prospect. The Radicals were taken with another sort of bait. Lord Rosebery's connexions in the Lower House managed this part of the work for him with the craft of perfect artists. The Stalwarts were assured that in England, the country of compromise, a peer was the only possible Democratic leader, that no one else would be bold enough to do the work resolutely. Lord Rosebery had already attacked the House of Lords, and was prepared to go on boldly and make an end of it. These paradoxes achieved their end. In the very crisis of the struggle the democratic paper *par excellence* declared for Lord Rosebery, and he was unanimously elected. The "Daily Chronicle" had made Lord Rosebery the leader of the Liberal party.

At the time we set forth this whole story in full detail, much to the disgust of certain Liberal prints, who prefer to write as if politics were a conflict of principles and not a conflict of personalities. The "Daily News" did not agree with us, and the organs of Nonconformity declared our view of life to be "pitiful and degrading." And yet we had only set forth facts known to every one in the inner world of politics.

But to get back to our review of Lord Rosebery's career. We do not need to tell how he frittered his chances away; how he first alienated the Irish by declaring that the "predominant partner" must be converted as a condition precedent to the granting of Home Rule, and then disgusted the Radicals by what the "Star" calls his "tepid attitude towards the House of Lords." In the short space of two years he so completely estranged all his supporters that his resignation became inevitable, and as soon as the "Chronicle" attacked him he fell.

In fact, he is the first of English Premiers to be made and unmade by a newspaper.

Criticism after the event is easy enough; but at no time was any critical faculty needed to discover Lord Rosebery's blunders. Any average lordling gifted with ordinary common sense would have divined the patent truth that, in order to lead the Liberal party successfully, a peer would have to lean exclusively on the Radicals. Lord Rosebery, however, divined nothing, understood nothing, saw nothing, but blundered on from mistake to mistake till he had completely destroyed his own reputation. Yet the part he had to play was not a difficult one. At the very beginning Sir William Vernon Harcourt showed his hand: he made speech after speech without ever alluding to his leader, and the policy he supported was his own and not that of his chief. Lord Rosebery should at once have taken up the gauntlet and selected Sir William Harcourt's successor as leader of the party in the Lower House. Had his choice fallen on the ablest of the candidates—had he picked out Mr. Asquith, for instance—no one can doubt that Sir William Vernon Harcourt would have found, for the second time in his career, that disloyalty to his chief was an unprofitable undertaking. But Lord Rosebery neither punished traitors nor rewarded friends, and accordingly created no bonds of discipline. Even before the General Election he had allowed himself to be flouted by Sir William Harcourt, contradicted by Mr. Asquith, reproved by Mr. John Morley, and ignored by Sir Henry Fowler. The smashing defeat of the party in the General Election was manifestly due to his inefficient leadership. As the "Star" says, he utterly "failed to lead," and with the battle he lost his position as captain. As soon as the Liberal members took up their seats on the Opposition benches, it was clear that Sir William Harcourt was their real leader. The one achievement of the previous Government—the Radical Budget—was due to him, and this foretaste of success seemed to fire his blood. We think the Education Bill fell to pieces of its own weaknesses; but it is not unfair to say, with the "Chronicle," that Sir William Vernon Harcourt was "the man who destroyed it." It must be acknowledged that during a long Session he kept up the spirits of his supporters, and that he is "beyond all comparison the most potent figure in the popular House" on the Liberal side. When the battle was over and his defeat patent, Lord Rosebery re-entered the lists against the doughty squire of Malwood. It really seemed as if he wished to make himself ridiculous. In the very middle of last Session he did what he should have done eighteen months before with better judgment; he selected a lieutenant to convey his wishes to the House of Commons, and his choice fell upon one who had never been more than an Under-Secretary of State, upon the boyish Sir Edward Grey. When Sir Edward Grey tried, and tried in vain, to make himself heard in the House of Commons as Lord Rosebery's mouthpiece, it was manifest that Lord Rosebery had nothing to do but resign. We said as much with all plainness at the time, and again the old-fashioned Liberal prints reproved us gravely. On Monday last the weird "Westminster Gazette" declared that if the idea of the "Chronicle" "were to injure Lord Rosebery, the violence of the attack would defeat its end." And on Thursday morning the "Daily News," awakened by the news of Lord Rosebery's resignation, pulled its nightcap straight and cried peevishly that he must be re-elected. Re-elected! Oh, no; let us rather praise him as the "Chronicle" does with grim humour; for his political career is at an end. His incapacity has made the Radicals the masters of the Liberal party; now we may expect the attack on hierarchies that was certain to come sooner or later. Thanks to Lord Rosebery, it will come sooner. Exit Lord Rosebery!

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT IN
MONMOUTHSHIRE.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT'S speech at Ebbw Vale was the first really statesmanlike utterance we have had on the Armenian question. There was no necessity for Sir William Harcourt to excuse his

previous silence; for, as he says, nothing is more futile than mere declamation on such a topic. Sir William Harcourt discovered an historical grasp of the subject and a clear and broad view of European politics which we wish their holiday meditations had brought to his colleagues, such as Mr. Bryce and Mr. Asquith, not to mention Mr. Gladstone. Speaking of our Foreign policy generally, and confessing that he was no admirer of "a splendid isolation" that results in "a humiliating impotency," the Leader of the Opposition went on to say, "What is wanted is not a formal alliance in the technical sense of the term—an alliance which becomes obsolete as soon as it is made. It is the experience of history, as we have found out on this Turkish question, that treaties of alliance and guarantees break down the moment when their operation is called for. What we want is that which used to be called an *entente cordiale* with Foreign Powers, a friendly disposition which accommodates itself to the circumstances of the times as they present themselves—what I would call a little more international courtesy and amiability." This is admirable both in tone and substance, and is a fitting answer both to those who have been urging Lord Salisbury to enter the Triple Alliance, and to those who have been clamouring for a written treaty with Russia and France. A little courtesy and amiability, how much they do with nations as with individuals! And is it wonderful that "England hears ill abroad," to borrow the quaint Latinity of Milton, when we invariably proceed upon the insulting assumption that we possess a monopoly of the Christian virtues?

Sir William Harcourt's history of the Eastern Question is profitable, though it cannot be pleasant reading for either Whigs or Tories. Forty-two years ago, in 1854, Great Britain, under the leadership, first of Lord Aberdeen and then of Lord Palmerston, made war in conjunction with France upon Russia for the maintenance of the Turkish Empire. Twenty-four years later, in 1878, Great Britain under Lord Beaconsfield threatened to make war upon Russia for the maintenance of the Turkish Empire, and actually entered into a secret alliance with Turkey of a defensive character. Eighteen years later again, in 1896, Great Britain under Lord Salisbury is on her knees to the young Tsar of Russia begging him to undertake that very responsibility which we twice prevented his predecessors from discharging, and which we have only just discovered that we cannot discharge ourselves! Next to the electric light, Lord Salisbury's discovery that the British fleet cannot cross the mountains of the Taurus is the most remarkable of modern times. But it is somewhat belated. "Russia is on the spot with great armies, we are at a distance," says Sir William Harcourt; "how can we get there? And if we get there, what are we to do? Nothing short of a military occupation would be of any value, and how are we to make a military occupation?" Most unanswerable; but, alas! that it should have cost us one war, and the preparations for many more, during a period of forty years, to convince ourselves of these plain physical facts. Is not this enough to moderate the pride of our rulers? For no statesmen were more popular in their day than Lord Palmerston and Lord Beaconsfield, the champions of Turkey against Russia. No statesmen—to give them the title that was denied to them in their lives—were more scurrilously and vulgarly abused than Bright and Cobden for their denunciation of the Crimean War as immoral and unnecessary. But now Sir William Harcourt has come round to Bright's view, and we have all come round to Sir William Harcourt's view, boldly proclaimed to his constituents, that the maintenance of the Turkish Empire is no longer a fundamental British interest.

Revenge is a dish that is best eaten cold, according to the French. The Tsar is evidently in no hurry to begin his meal. It is curious and disappointing that Sir William Harcourt, with all his historical information and genial breadth of ideas, should propound a solution of the Eastern Question which is quite impracticable. Granted that Turkey is incapable of reform, and on this point Sir William Harcourt has dug up a very telling quotation from a speech made by Lord

Salisbury on his return from the Conference at Constantinople in 1877, before he went to Berlin in company with Lord Beaconsfield, and when he was therefore speaking his own mind:—"The authors of the treaty of 1856 attempted what in the nature of things it was impossible to achieve. . . . They entertained an entirely false idea of the probable reform and progress of the Ottoman Empire. They thought that Turkey would reform herself, and long experience has proved that Turkey will not reform herself." It is a striking instance of the power of Lord Beaconsfield over his colleagues, that within a year of the utterance of these remarkable words he should have made Lord Salisbury conclude the Cyprus Convention, which was based upon the execution of reforms by Turkey. But, granted that Sir William Harcourt and Lord Salisbury are right, and that to depose one Sultan and sweep away one set of pashas is only to make room for a similar group of oppressors, it does not follow that the expulsion of Turkey from Europe is a feasible policy at present. It may be true that Russia is on the spot with great armies. There is another Power on the spot, with armies which, if not as great as those of Russia, must be counted with. We do not mean Turkey, though Turkey unaided kept the Russian troops at bay through the winter of 1877. We mean Austria, which could not allow a Russian occupation of Turkey, except upon the terms of getting a slice of the Ottoman Empire for herself. That means a partition of Turkey, for which Europe is not yet ready. A junction of the armies of Austria and Turkey would be sufficiently formidable, even if the Triple Alliance were not brought into operation. But the young Tsar does not mean to go to war at present; he has not been long enough in the saddle. Sir William Harcourt may hope to God that we have at last done with the Turk. But "hope springs eternal in the human breast," and he will have to wait a little longer for the fulfilment of his pious aspiration. We are getting on that way, though; and in the meantime, by all means let us have a cordial understanding with Russia, and use courtesy and amiability towards our neighbours.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

I. MORRIS AS ACTOR AND DRAMATIST.

AMONG the many articles which have been written about William Morris during the past week, I have seen none which deal with him as dramatist and actor. Yet I have been present at a play by William Morris; and I have seen him act, and act, too, much better than an average professional of the twenty-pound a week class. I need therefore make no apology for making him the subject of an article on the theatre.

Morris was a quite unaffected and accessible person. All and sundry were welcome to know him to the full extent of their capacity for such acquaintance (which was usually not saying much) as far as a busy and sensitive man could make himself common property without intolerable boredom and waste of time. Even to the Press, which was generally—bless its innocence!—either ignorantly insolent to him or fatuously patronizing, as if he were some delightful curio, appreciable only by persons of taste and fancy, he was willing to be helpful. Journalist though I am, he put up with me with the friendliest patience, though I am afraid I must sometimes have been a fearful trial to him.

I need hardly say that I have often talked copiously to him on many of his favourite subjects, especially the artistic subjects. What is more to the point, he has occasionally talked to me about them. No art was indifferent to him. He declared that nobody could pass a picture without looking at it—that even a smoky cracked old mezzotint in a pawnbroker's window would stop you for at least a moment. Some idiot, I notice, takes it on himself to assure the world that he had no musical sense. As a matter of fact, he had a perfect ear, a most musical singing voice, and so fine a sense of beauty in sound (as in everything else) that he could not endure the clatter of the pianoforte or the squalling and shouting of the average singer. When I told him that the Amsterdam choir, brought over here by M. de Lange, had discovered the secret of the beauty

of medieval music, and sang it with surpassing excellence, he was full of regret for having missed it; and the viol concerts of M. Dolmetsch pleased him greatly. Indeed once, during his illness, when M. Dolmetsch played him some really beautiful music on a really beautiful instrument, he was quite overcome by it. I once urged him to revive the manufacture of musical instruments and rescue us from the vulgar handsomeness of the trade articles with which our orchestras are equipped; and he was by no means averse to the idea, having always, he avowed, thought he should like to make a good fiddle. Only neither in music nor in anything else could you engage him in any sort of intellectual dilettantism: he would not waste his time and energy on the curiosities and fashions of art, but went straight to its highest point in the direct and simple production of beauty. He was ultra-modern—not merely up to date, but far ahead of it: his wall papers, his hangings, his tapestries, and his printed books have the twentieth century in every touch of them; whilst as to his prose word-weaving, our worn-out nineteenth-century Macaulayese is rancid by comparison. He started from the thirteenth century simply because he wished to start from the most advanced point instead of from the most backward one—say 1850 or thereabout. When people called him “archaic,” he explained, with the indulgence of perfect knowledge, that they were fools, only they did not know it. In short, the man was a complete artist, who became great by a pre-eminent sense of beauty, and practical ability enough (and to spare) to give effect to it.

And yet—and yet—and yet—! I am sorry to have to say it; but I never could induce him to take the smallest interest in the contemporary theatrical routine of the Strand. As far as I am aware, I share with Mr. Henry Arthur Jones the distinction of being the only modern dramatist whose plays were witnessed by him (except “Charley’s Aunt,” which bored him); and I greatly fear that neither of us dare claim his visits as a spontaneous act of homage to modern acting and the modern drama. Now, when Morris would not take an interest in anything, and would not talk about it—and his capacity for this sort of resistance, both passive and active, was remarkably obstinate—it generally meant that he had made up his mind, on good grounds, that it was not worth talking about. A man’s mouth may be shut and his mind closed much more effectually by his knowing all about a subject than by his knowing nothing about it; and whenever Morris suddenly developed a downright mulishness about anything, it was a sure sign that he knew it through and through and had quarrelled with it. Thus, when an enthusiast for some fashionable movement or reaction in art would force it into the conversation, he would often behave so as to convey an impression of invincible prejudice and intolerant ignorance, and so get rid of it. But later on he would let slip something that showed, in a flash, that he had taken in the whole movement at its very first demonstration, and had neither prejudices nor illusions about it. When you knew the subject yourself, and could see beyond it and around it, putting it in its proper place and accepting its limits, he would talk fast enough about it; but it did not amuse him to allow novices to break a lance with him, because he had no special facility for brilliant critical demonstration, and required too much patience for his work to waste any of it on idle discussions. Consequently there was a certain intellectual roguery about him of which his intimate friends were very well aware; so that if a subject was thrust on him, the aggressor was sure to be ridiculously taken in if he did not calculate on Morris’s knowing much more about it than he pretended to.

On the subject of the theatre, an enthusiastic young first-nighter would probably have given Morris up, after the first attempt to gather his opinion of “The Second Mrs. Tanqueray,” as an ordinary citizen who had never formed the habit of playgoing, and neither knew nor cared anything about the theatre except as a treat for children once a year during the pantomime season. But Morris would have written for the stage if there had been any stage that a poet and artist could write for. When the Socialist League once proposed to raise the wind by a dramatic enter-

tainment, and suggested that he should provide the play, he set to at once and provided it. And what kind of play was it? Was it a miracle play on the lines of those scenes in the Towneley mysteries between the “shepherds abiding in the field,” which he used to quote with great relish as his idea of a good bit of comedy? Not at all: it was a topical extravaganza, entitled “Nupkins Awakened,” the chief “character parts” being Sir Peter Edlin, Tennyson, and an imaginary Archbishop of Canterbury. Sir Peter owed the compliment to his activity at that time in sending Socialists to prison on charges of “obstruction,” which was always proved by getting a policeman to swear that if any passer-by or vehicle had wished to pass over the particular spot in a thoroughfare on which the speaker or his audience happened to be standing, their presence would have obstructed him. This contention, which was regarded as quite sensible and unanswerable by the newspapers of the day, was put into a nutshell in the course of Sir Peter’s summing-up in the play. “In fact, gentlemen, it is a matter of grave doubt whether we are not all of us continually committing this offence from our cradles to our graves.” This speech, which the real Sir Peter of course never made, though he certainly would have done so had he had wit enough to see the absurdity of solemnly sending a man to prison for two months because another man could not walk through him—especially when it would have been so easy to lock him up for three on some respectable pretext—will probably keep Sir Peter’s memory green when all his actual judicial utterances are forgotten. As to Tennyson, Morris took a Socialist who happened to combine the right sort of beard with a melancholy temperament, and drilled him in a certain portentous incivility of speech which, taken with the quality of his remarks, threw a light on Morris’s opinion of Tennyson which was all the more instructive because he delighted in Tennyson’s verse as keenly as Wagner delighted in the music of Mendelssohn, whose credit for qualities of larger scope he, nevertheless, wrote down and destroyed. Morris played the ideal Archbishop himself. He made no attempt to make up the part in the ordinary stage fashion. He always contended that no more was necessary for stage illusion than some distinct conventional symbol, such as a halo for a saint, a crook for a bishop, or, if you liked, a cloak and dagger for the villain, and a red wig for the comedian. A pair of clerical bands and black stockings proclaimed the archbishop: the rest he did by obliterating his humour and intelligence, and presenting his own person to the audience like a lantern with the light blown out, with a dull absorption in his own dignity which several minutes of the wildest screaming laughter at him when he entered could not disturb. I laughed immoderately myself; and I can still see quite clearly the long top floor of that warehouse in the Farringdon Road as I saw it in glimpses between my paroxysms, with Morris gravely on the stage in his bands at one end; Mrs. Stillman, a tall and beautiful figure, rising like a delicate spire above a skyline of city chimney-pots at the other; and a motley sea of rolling, wallowing, guffawing Socialists between. There has been no other such successful first night within living memory, I believe; but I only remember one dramatic critic who took care to be present—Mr. William Archer. Morris was so interested by his experiment in this sort of composition that he for some time talked of trying his hand at a serious drama, and would no doubt have done it had there been any practical occasion for it, or any means of consummating it by stage representation under proper conditions without spending more time on the job than it was worth. Later, at one of the annual festivities of the Hammersmith Socialist Society, he played the old gentleman in the bath-chair in a short piece called “The Duchess of Bayswater” (not by himself), which once served its turn at the Haymarket as a curtain raiser. It was impossible for such a born teller and devourer of stories as he was to be indifferent to an art which is nothing more than the most vivid and real of all ways of story-telling. No man would more willingly have seen his figures move and heard their voices than he.

Why, then, did he so seldom go to the theatre?

Well, come, gentle reader, why doesn't anybody go to the theatre? Do you suppose that even I would go to the theatre twice a year except on business? You would never dream of asking why Morris did not read penny novelettes, or hang his rooms with Christmas-number chromolithographs. We have no theatre for men like Morris: indeed, we have no theatre for quite ordinary cultivated people. I am a person of fairly catholic interests: it is my privilege to enjoy the acquaintance of a few representative people in various vortices of culture. I know some of the most active-minded and intelligent of the workers in social and political reform. They read stories with an avidity that amazes me; but they don't go to the theatre. I know the people who are struggling for the regeneration of the arts and crafts. They don't go to the theatre. I know people who amuse their leisure with edition after edition of the novels of Mrs. Humphry Ward, Madame Sarah Grand, and Mr. Harold Frederic, and who could not for their lives struggle through two chapters of Miss Corelli, Mr. Rider Haggard, or Mr. Hall Caine. They don't go to the theatre. I know the lovers of music who support the Richter and Mottl concerts and go to Bayreuth if they can afford it. They don't go to the theatre. I know the staff of this paper. It doesn't go to the theatre—even the musical critic is an incorrigible shirk when his duties involve a visit thither. Nobody goes to the theatre except the people who also go to Madame Tussaud's. Nobody writes for it, unless he is hopelessly stage-struck and cannot help himself. It has no share in the leadership of thought: it does not even reflect its current. It does not create beauty: it apes fashion. It does not produce personal skill: our actors and actresses, with the exception of a few persons with natural gifts and graces, mostly mis-cultivated or half cultivated, are simply the middle-class section of the residuum. The curt insult with which Matthew Arnold dismissed it from consideration found it and left it utterly defenceless. And yet you ask me why Morris did not go to the theatre. In the name of common sense, why should he have gone?

When I say these things to stupid people, they have a feeble way of retorting, "What about the Lyceum?" That is just the question I have been asking for years; and the reply always is that the Lyceum is occupied exclusively with the works of a sixteenth-seventeenth century author, in whose social views no educated and capable person to-day has the faintest interest, and whose art is partly so villainously artificial and foolish as to produce no effect on a thirteenth-twentieth century artist like Morris except one of impatience and discomfort, and partly so fine as to defy satisfactory treatment at a theatre where there are only two competent performers, who are neither of them in their proper element in the seventeenth century. Morris was willing to go to a street corner and tell the people something that they very badly needed to be told, even when he could depend on being arrested by a policeman for his trouble; but he drew the line at fashionably modernized Shakspeare. If you had told him what a pretty fifteenth-century picture Miss Terry makes in her flower wreath in Cymbeline's garden, you might have induced him to peep for a moment at that; but the first blast of the queen's rhetoric would have sent him flying into the fresh air again. You could not persuade Morris that he was being amused when he was, as a matter of fact, being bored; and you could not persuade him that music was harmonious by playing it on vulgar instruments, or that verse was verse when uttered by people with either no delivery at all or the delivery of an auctioneer or toastmaster. In short, you could not induce him to accept ugliness as art, no matter how brilliant, how fashionable, how sentimental, or how intellectually interesting you might make it. And you certainly could not palm off a mess of Tappertitian sentiment daubed over some sham love affair on him as a good story. This, alas! is as much as to say that you could not induce him to spend his evenings at a modern theatre. And yet he was not in the least an Impossibilist: he revelled in Dickens and the elder Dumas; he was enthusiastic about the acting of Robson, and greatly admired Jefferson; if he had

started a Kelmscott Theatre instead of the Kelmscott Press, I am quite confident that in a few months, without going half a mile afield for his company, he would have produced work that would within ten years have affected every theatre in Europe, from London to St. Petersburg, and from New York to Alexandria. At all events, I should be glad to hear any gentleman point out an instance in which he undertook to find the way, and did not make us come along with him. We kicked and screamed, it is true: some of our poor obituarists kicked and screamed—even brayed—at his funeral the other day; but we have had to come along. No man was more liberal in his attempts to improve Morris's mind than I was; but I always found that, in so far as I was not making a most horrible idiot of myself out of misknowledge (I could forgive myself for pure ignorance), he could afford to listen to me with the patience of a man who had taught my teachers. There were people whom we tried to run him down with—Tennysons, Swinburnes, and so on; but their opinions about things did not make any difference. Morris's did.

I must apologize to Mr. Arthur Roberts and Mr. Hawtrey for postponing consideration of their new parts and plays until next week. I do so from lack of space, not from any sense that the occasion is too melancholy for a word about their gaieties. I feel nothing but elation when I think of Morris. My intercourse with him was so satisfying that I should be the most ungrateful of men if I asked for more. You can lose a man like that by your own death, but not by his. And so, until then, let us rejoice in him.

G. B. S.

II. MORRIS AS POET.

WILLIAM MORRIS, supremely in our time, sought in art only its supreme quality, beauty. He was the pure type of the artist, and, not content with working upon his own craft, the craft of verse, he carried the principles of the artist into many secondary crafts—tapestry, wall-paper, printing—which he made his own, as the artists of the Renaissance made all arts and crafts their own; and, as those artists did, but in another way, he brought life within the scope of art, and willed that life, too, should be beautiful. His very Socialism, as I take it, was but an attempt at weaving the art of life into a beautiful pattern, and giving that beautiful pattern into the hands of poor people, in the hope that they might see its beauty. "Beauty," he once wrote, "which is what is meant by art, using the word in its widest sense, is, I contend, no mere accident of human life, which people can take or leave as they choose, but a positive necessity of life, if we are to live as nature meant us to; that is, unless we are content to be less than men." People did not always realize it; Socialists, I suppose, would realize it a little unwillingly; but to lecture at Hammersmith was more than ever to be the idle singer of an empty day.

"Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time," he described himself in the prologue to "The Earthly Paradise"; and, indeed, Morris, alone among the poets of our age, was content to be that only, content to spend his days

"making beautiful old rhyme

In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights."

More than passion, or knowledge, or curiosity, or anything human or divine, he followed beauty, and he was justified of his choice; for his verse has more of the simplicity of beauty than the verse of any English poet since Keats. Where Browning is sometimes cumbered with the care of many important and unessential things; where Tennyson is often lacking through a too fastidious working upon too thin a surface; where Swinburne is carried away by his own music, and Matthew Arnold forgets that he is singing at all; where even Rossetti sometimes accepts strangeness for beauty; there is no temptation strong enough to lure Morris aside from the one path. He had not a great intellect, nor a passionate nature crying to give voice to itself. His most fatal lack was a certain lack of intensity. There is not a great line, there are but few separably fine lines, in the whole of his work. But every line has distinction, and every line is in its place.

Morris was an incomparable story-teller; or, to be

precise, he can be compared in our literature only with Chaucer; and it would be rash to say, without premeditation, that Chaucer was a better story-teller than Morris. Chaucer had an incomparably wider range of mastery; he had to his hand the "humours" of all the world. Morris has none of Chaucer's sturdy humanity, his dramatic power, his directness; above all, his humour. But then the aim of Morris was something quite different from the aim of Chaucer, whom I should call the novelist of poets, as Morris was the romance-writer. In several places he has called Chaucer "Master," as in "The Life and Death of Jason":—

"O Master, pardon me, if yet in vain
Thou art my master, and I fail to bring
Before men's minds the image of the thing
My heart is filled with."

But in temperament I would compare him rather with Spenser, of whom he has much of the dreamy and picture-weaving vision. Does not this sentence of Landor, describing Spenser, apply singularly well to Morris? "Spenser's is a spacious, but somewhat low chamber, heavy with rich tapestry, on which the figures are mostly disproportioned, but some of the faces are lively and beautiful; the furniture is part creaking and worm-eaten, part fragrant with cedar and sandal-wood and aromatic gums and balsams; every table and mantelpiece and cabinet is covered with gorgeous vases, and birds, and dragons, and houses in the air." This, however, we must except: that in Morris the figures are always in proportion, obey always the lines of conventional design.

To Morris the art of verse was as the art of tapestry; an art of clear design, in which the lines must be simple, and all the beauty must be found in the lines themselves. The words paint pictures; even emotion comes to him as a picture: he sees the lifted arm, tear-stained cheeks, the mouth curving to a smile. Of the words it may be said always that they are happily chosen, not that they are strenuously achieved; they have the grace of being quite the best that could happen, not that fineness which is of long search, rarity, and dear buying. Certainly this was deliberate on his part; and deliberate was his use of the simplest words, which sometimes become a little cloying, and of the simplest rhythms, in which he uses few licenses, and almost never attempts an individual effect in any single line; the occasional use of such words as "waking," rhyming to "sing" only adding to the "soft, withdrawing" sound of his fluid cadences. His rhymes are faint, gliding into one another stealthily; dying away, often, upon such vaguely accentuated words as "patiently," "listlessly." He aims at the effect of improvisation, and his verse becomes a sort of pathetic sing-song, like a croon, hardly ever rising or sinking in tone. With its languid, lulling monotony, its "listless chime," it has (especially in those heroic couplets which were finer in his hands than any other measure) the sound of a low plashing of sea-ripples on a quiet shore, a vague and monotonous and continuous and restful going on.

But while he chooses words partly for their gentleness and suave sound, he chooses them far more for their almost unconscious effect of colour; as separate, unimportant stitches in a tapestry, or slabs in a tessellated pavement, to be set together into pictures. His colours, like his designs, are all conventional; he has no half-tones, no subtleties of light and shade; his pictures, indeed, have some of the naïveté which existed before perspective. And as for the hearts and souls of the elegant persons of his pictures, we know them scarcely more than we know the joys and sorrows of an illuminated saint in a missal. These joys and sorrows are all in gold outline, here tender and there sorrowful; but they move us as pictures do, with the delicate and painless emotion of beautiful things. It is all part of the perfumed and cloudy atmosphere of the place, where these dreams wander through their half-existence; this Palace of Art in which life is a coloured and fragrant thing, moving in fine raiment, to the sound of stringed instruments plucked softly.

It is curious, in an art so addressed to the senses, that Morris is so unsensuous in his writing, so modest and temperate, and with so little of the rapture of passionate things. When he achieves a rapture, it is a rapture of sheer beauty; as when the knight Walter first looks

upon Venus, "O close, O close, there in the hill's grey shade!" It is when lovers see with each other's eyes, when the first happy trouble comes into their voices, at the moment when love first grows aware of itself, and not yet of the sorrow that is the growth of love. Tapestry does not appeal to the senses; and Morris's ideal of beauty, during the main part of his poetic career, was one in which there was no room for "violent delights," or any strangeness that was not tempered to a certain peace, a certain order. It is his merit that his pictures are always, as almost no one else's are, exquisitely in keeping throughout; yet we may reasonably regret that the intensity which marks many of the pieces in his first book, "The Defence of Guenevere," died out in that first book, and is not to be found again in his work until "The Story of Sigurd." He himself has no interest in the fortunes of his heroes and heroines when once they step outside the frame of his picture; as in "The Life and Death of Jason," he leaves Medea, her deadly work done, telling us merely:

"She came to Athens, and there long did dwell,
Whose after-life I list not here to tell."

All the world's a picture; and when Paris dies, crying on Helen,

"yet the sky

Changed not above his cast-back golden head,
And merry was the world though he was dead."

To read "Love is Enough," or "The Earthly Paradise," or "The Life and Death of Jason," is like taking opium. One abandons oneself to it, and is borne on clouds as in a gondola of the air. Never was one so gently carried along, so imperceptibly, and with so luxurious a motion. There is not even enough sharpness of interest, or novelty in the progression, to jar one on the way. The only danger is that weariness which comes of over-much repose.

And Morris at last realized that danger; or, rather, may be said to have satiated himself with his own enchantments. The early influences upon his work had been for the most part mediæval, Chaucer, the Anglo-Norman romances, the new mediævalism of Keats; and always the Odyssey, of which he came to do so fine a translation, so much finer than his translation of the *Æneid*; the simple, picture-words of Homer being so much nearer to him than the jewelled and many-faceted words of Virgil. His first book—which invented a new movement, doing easily, with a certain appropriate quaintness, what Tennyson all his life had been trying to do—has all the exquisite trouble of his first awakening to the love of romance; and he did not again recover quite that naïve thrill of delighted wonder. But all the main body of his work is a joyous, courtly art; its colour and its sentiment, even when it deals with classical stories, being purely mediæval. The new influence begins to be felt in "The Lovers of Gudrun," the last tale in the third volume of "The Earthly Paradise." It is the influence of the Northern Sagas, which took possession of Morris as they took possession of Wagner, both having passed through a period of complete absorption in the knightly and romantic Middle Ages, and both, at the last, going back to the primitive antiquity of legend, and of Northern legend. With Morris, we feel that certain energies, latent in the man from the first, and, indeed, compressed within certain limits, by the exercise of a most energetic will, have at last been allowed free play. The simple, artificial English of the earlier books gives place to a new, and in a sense not less artificial, style, returning upon earlier English models, and forging for itself monosyllabic words which are themselves energies. In "The Story of Sigurd," which remains his masterpiece of sustained power, he goes sheer through civilization, and finds an ampler beauty shadowed under the dusk of the Gods. He gets a larger style, a style more rooted in the earth, more vivid with the impulse of nature; and the beauty of his writing is now a grave beauty, from which all mere prettiness is clean consumed away. And now, at last, he touches the heart; for he sings of the passions of men, of the fierceness of love and hate, of the music of swords in the day of battle. And still, more than ever, he is the poet of beauty; for he has realized that in beauty there is something more elemental than smiling lips, or the soft dropping of tears.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

III. WITH THE NORTH-WEST WIND.

AS we never associated William Morris with fine weather, rather taking him to be a pilot poet lent by the Vikings to steer us from the Doldrums in which we now lie all becalmed in smoke to some Valhalla of his own creation beyond the world's end, it seemed appropriate that on his burial-day the rain descended and the wind blew half a gale from the north-west.

Amongst the many mysteries of enigmatic England, few have more puzzled me than our attitude towards our rare great men. No one can say that in our streets they jostle other passengers, pushing the average man into the gutter, which is his own estate. Neither in Church or State, or in religion, the Press, the army, amongst the licensed victuallers, or at the Bar, do they abound so much as to take all the profits of the various jobs I have referred to from their weaker brethren. It may be that we think them "blacklegs," working, so to speak, for too long hours at too high pressure; it may be that the Democratic sentiment, of which we hear so much and see so little, thinks them, as Gracchus Babeuf did, nothing but "aristos" sent by an unjust God (himself a *ci-devant*) to trample on us.

Genius in England is a thing accursed, and that it is unpleasing even to the creator of all Englishmen is manifest by the marked disapproval shown to it by the majority of the created. Therefore, I take it in the future, as the note has, so to speak, been taken by the show of success, that we shall not be called upon to stand much more of it.

So the rain descended, and the north-west wind battled and strove amongst the trees and chimney-tops, sending the leaves and hats into the mud, making one think upon the fisherfolk, the men aboard the ocean tramps, the shepherds in the glens of Inverness-shire, upon the ranchmen out on the open prairie riding round the cattle, and on the outcasts of the El Dorado, crouching the livelong night under some Christian bridge or philanthropic railway arches.

I have a standing quarrel with "*le grand capricieux*" called Providence, but at a funeral it generally appears he does his best so to dispose the weather that the principal shall not regret the climate he is leaving. Seen through the gloom at Paddington, within the station, moving about like fish in an aquarium, were gathered those whom England had sent forth to pay respects to the most striking figure of our times.

Artists and authors, archaeologists, with men of letters, Academicians, the pulpit, stage, the Press, the statesmen, craftsmen, and artificers, whether of books, or of pictures, or idlers, all otherwise engaged.

Philanthropists agog about Armenia, Cuba, and Crete, spouting of Turks and infidels and foreign cruelties, whilst he who strove for years for Englishmen lay in a railway waggon.

The guilds were absent, with the Trades-Unions and the craftsmen, the hammermen, the weavers, match-makers, and those for whom he worked and thought.

Upon the platform stood Kropotkin, and John Burns, Richards and Williams (of Tower Hill), with Walter Crane, Burne-Jones, and a few Russian Nihilists and Polish Jews.

Not that he was forgotten of those with whom he lived; for in a little group, forlorn, dishevelled, and their eyes grown dim with striving for the coming of the revolution, stood his own faithful house carles from Hammersmith, and they too followed their master to the end—standing upon the platform, as it were, upon the brink of some new country over which they saw, but knew they could not enter.

When a great man dies in other countries, all his last wishes are disregarded, even his family shrinks into second rank, and he becomes the property of those who in his life flung mud at or neglected him. Outbursts of cant, oceans of snivel, are let loose upon his memory, so that it may be that in this instance our Saxon stodginess preserved us from some folly and bad taste. Yet I would have liked to see a crowd of people in the streets, at least a crowd of workmen, if but to mark the absence of the dead man's fellows. Thus moralizing, the train slipped from the platform as a sledge slips through the

snow, and in the carriage I found myself seated between some "comrades."

Had they been cultured folk, it is ten to one the talk had run upon the colour of the dead man's shirt, his boots, his squashy hat, and other things as worthy of attention.

Bourgeois et gens de peu, seated upon the hard straight seats provided by the thoughtful company to mark the difference betwixt the passengers it lives off and those it cringes to, we moralized, each in our fashion, upon the man.

Kindly but choleric, the verdict was, apt to break into fury, easily appeased, large-hearted, open-handed, and the "sort of bloke you always could depend on," so said the "comrades," and it seemed to me their verdict was the one I should have liked upon myself.

So we reached Oxford, and found upon the platform no representatives of that old Trades-Union there to greet us, and no undergraduates to throng the station, standing silently to watch the poet's funeral. True it was Long Vacation; but had the body of some Buluwayo Burglar happened to pass, they all had been there. The ancient seat of pedantry, where they manufacture prigs as fast as butchers in Chicago "hurdle hogs," was all unmoved.

Sleeping the sleep of the self-satisfied were dons and masters and the crew of those who, if they chance once in a century to have a man of genius amongst them, are all ashamed of him.

Sleeping but stertorous, the city lay girt in its throng of jerry buildings, quite out of touch with all mankind, keeping its sympathy for piffing commentators on Menander, a bottler-up of learning for the rich with foolish regulations, a Laodicea which men like Morris long ago cast from their minds and mouth.

So the storm went with us to Witney, which seems as little altered as when the saying was "A badger and a Witney man you can tell them by their coat." Arrived at Lechlade, for the first time it appeared the ceremony was fitted for the man.

No red-faced men in shabby black to stagger with the coffin to the hearse, but in their place four countrymen in moleskin bore the body to an open haycart, all festooned with vines, with alder, and with bulrushes, and driven by a man who looked coeval with the Saxon Chronicle. And still the north-west wind bent trees and bushes, turning the leaves of the bird maples back upon their footstalks, making them look like poplars, and the rain beat on the straggling hedges, the lurid fruit such as only grow in rural England—the fruit of privet, with ripe hips and haws; the foliage of the Gelder roses hung on the bushes; along the road a line of slabs of stone extended reminding one of Portugal; ragweed and loosetrife, with rank hemp agrimony, were standing dry and dead, like reeds beside a lake, and in the rain and wind the yokels stood at the cross-roads, or at the openings of the bridle-paths. Somehow they seemed to feel that one was gone who thought of them, and our driver said, "We've lost a dear good friend in Master Morris; I've driven him myself underds of miles." No funeral carriages, but country flies, driven by red-faced men in moleskins, carried the mourners, and in a pony cart a farmer, with a face as red as are the bottles in a chemist's window, brought up the rear, driving his shaggy pony with the air of one who drives a chariot.

Through Lechlade, with its Tudor church, its gabled houses roofed with Winsford slates all overgrown with houseleek, and with lichens, and with the stalks of wallflower and valerian projecting from the chinks, we took our way.

There, unlike Oxford, the whole town was out, and from the diamond-paned and bevelled windows gazed children in their print dresses and sun bonnets which Morris must have loved. Then Farmer Hobbs' man drew up before the little church which is now rendered famous by the description of the most illustrious man who sleeps so close to it. The row of limes, flagged walks, the ample transept and square porch, the row of sun-dials down the wall, most with their gnomons lost, is known to all the world.

Time has dealt leniently with it, and the Puritans have stayed their fury at the little cross upon the tower.

Inside the church was decorated for a harvest festival, the lamps all wreathed with ears of oats and barley, whilst round the font and in the porch lay pumpkins, carrots, and sheaves of corn—a harvest festival such as he himself perhaps had planned, not thinking he himself would be the chiefest first-fruit.

Standing amongst the wet grass of the graves, artists and Socialists, with friends, relations, and the casual spectators, a group of yokels faced us, gaping at nothing, after the fashion of themselves and of their animals. And then I fancied for a moment that the strong oak coffin, with its wrought-iron handles and pall of Anatolia velvet, was opened, and I saw the waxen face and features of the dead man circled by his beard, and in his shroud his hands upon his breast, looking like some old Viking in his sleep, beside the body of his favourite horse, at the opening of some mound beside the sea in Scandinavia.

So dust to dust fell idly on my ears, and in its stead a vision of the England which he dreamed of filled my mind. The little church grew brighter, looking as it were filled with the spirit of a fuller faith embodied in an ampler ritual.

John Ball stood by the grave, with him a band of archers all in Lincoln green, birds twittered in the trees, and in the air the scent of apple-blossom and white hawthorn hung. All was much fairer than I had ever seen the country look, fair with a fairness that was never seen in England but by the poet, and yet a fairness with which he laboured to endure it. Once more the mist descended, and my sight grew dimmer; the England of the Fellowship was gone, John Ball had vanished, and with him the archers, and in their place remained the knot of countrymen, plough-galled and bent with toil; the little church turned greyer, as if a reformation had passed over it. I looked again, the bluff bold kindly face had faded into the north-west wind.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME-GRAHAM.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION AND FOREIGN COMPETITION.

RATHER more than twelve years have elapsed since the Royal Commission on Technical Instruction made its principal Report. Many of its recommendations have in effect, though with modifications, been carried out, and large sums of public money—much larger than the Report contemplated—have been devoted to some branches of Technical Education. The means of instruction for artisans in the elements of physical science, which already in 1884 were more widely diffused in this country than in any other, have been still further extended and improved, and institutions, more or less perfect, for secondary instruction in science applied to industry have also been created or strengthened in most of our great manufacturing centres. So far as information has reached this country, our progress in these directions—that is, in Elementary and Secondary Technical Instruction—has been at least as great as that of any Continental State; but on this subject we shall look forward with interest to the inquiries which are just now being carried on abroad by several gentlemen who were members of the Technical Commission. One of the most important steps in the direction of improved Technical Education emanating from the Science and Art Department was the condition imposed a year or two ago on “organized Science Day Schools,” in order to obtain recognition as such, and a public grant, that their curriculum must include literary side by side with technical instruction. The wonder is that people were so slow in realizing the fact that sound instruction, however elementary, in science demands for its assimilation a not inconsiderable degree of general mental cultivation. Drawing is now required to be taught to boys in all public elementary schools, under the disadvantage, however, that many of the school teachers themselves are still scarcely competent to give the instruction, and for this reason, amongst the various applications of the Customs and the Excise grant by county authorities, there is none more desirable or effective than the aid which has been given to the instruction of elementary teachers in drawing.

If industrial supremacy could be maintained or strengthened simply by providing means for the technical instruction of our artisans, and of what may be termed the lower middle industrial ranks, that supremacy should be assured to us beyond a doubt. In the higher grades of technical instruction appropriate to the owners and managers of works there has also been considerable, though perhaps not equal, progress. It is true that in our older Universities natural science does not occupy the rank assigned to it in those of Germany, but the colleges of the Victoria University, of that of Durham, the Central School of the City Guilds, University College, King's College, and in a somewhat lesser degree several of the new provincial colleges, which would well repay more liberal aid from the Government, all these have competent, and in many cases eminent, professors and fairly equipped chemical and physical laboratories. It is impossible also to read the Transactions of such bodies as the Institutions of Civil and Mechanical Engineers and Naval Architects, the Iron and Steel Institute, the Society of Chemical Industry, the Royal Agricultural Society, without perceiving that the pursuit of scientific investigation and the application of scientific methods to their respective professions have made very great progress of late years. There are few large industrial concerns in which operations dependent on metallurgical, chemical, or electrical science are carried on where competent men trained in those sciences are not employed. Though in some few departments of chemical manufacture, as for instance in that of dye stuffs, there is more systematic and continuous research in Germany than in this country, it cannot admit of a doubt that, speaking generally, at least as much is being done at home in the application of science to industry as on the Continent or in the United States.

What, on the other hand, is no less certain is that every civilized nation is developing to the utmost its natural resources, many of which were lying fallow in other countries, whilst our own had already for a long period been fully utilized. One instance may be given as an example—namely, the enormous growth of the iron industry in the United States. Pittsburg, for the production of crude iron, has at its doors a coal-field which, by rude methods, supplies mineral fuel at little more than half the cost of that of Durham or South Wales, and converts that crude iron into steel by means of natural gas; and Pittsburg itself has now to contend with the competition of ironworks in the Southern States, where enormous supplies of cheaply worked ores are found in proximity to abundant fuel. It need not surprise us, therefore, if we should find the Americans supplying rails to Canada, to South America, and the East; in fact, it is stated on good authority that the American rolling-mills are making a determined effort to secure the contracts for rails of the Japanese railways, to which they have already sent locomotives; which latter, however, the Japanese have already begun to manufacture themselves, and in which we may some day meet with Japan as a competitor in China. For transportation by sea our natural position is unrivalled, and we may hope that for many years to come we shall be the great carriers of the world. At the same time, the stringent legislation for protecting the lives of our sailors, very properly enacted of late years, has rendered competition with the Northern nations more difficult; and the modern, thoroughly equipped, and extensive docks of the ports of Antwerp and Hamburg have hitherto been free from such labour troubles as disorganized the shipping trade of London and Hull within the last few years.

Cheap railway transport, on the other hand, is an advantage possessed in a greater degree by some of our rivals than by ourselves. For mineral and other heavy traffic the enormous American trucks, each carrying thirty tons, render possible rates of carriage unheard of for cheapness in this country, and it has been stated by experts—with what truth would of course require careful investigation—that for the transport of such traffic the British railway companies would be quickly reimbursed if they would make a bonfire of their waggons, the “tare” of which is so considerable compared with the useful weight transported. For less heavy goods, such as hardware, the German and Belgian

railways are affording transport for exportation at rates far below those of our own lines. In this connexion the continuity of the Continental lines, especially of those between countries north and south of the Alps, has been of the greatest service to Continental manufacturers. Comparatively little expense is incurred in packing goods conveyed without transshipment from the producer to the consumer, as compared with that rendered necessary if they have first to be carried to the shipping port, there put on board, landed at a foreign port, and again conveyed by railway. Our manufacturers of valuable articles would by this time have been less heavily handicapped in this respect if our unaccountable fear of invasion had not prevented the construction of Sir Edward Watkin's Channel tunnel.

Disregard of the peculiar wants, of the fancies if you like, of foreign and colonial buyers reported by our consular agents, and exemplified by the collections shown at the offices of the London Chamber of Commerce, unwillingness in some cases of workmen to produce new forms except at exorbitant wages, and other apparently trifling causes, have in the aggregate done great injury to our trade even with our colonies and with countries in which we have not to contend with hostile tariffs. To discuss the difficulties of our export trade thoroughly would demand not a newspaper article but a treatise. But there is one topic which must not be omitted even in a superficial review like the present, and it brings us back to the question of education—not technical, but general. We have comparatively few, as yet, in this country of the cheap secondary day schools found in every small town of Germany and Switzerland, in which the commercial clerks and travellers receive their education, including instruction in modern languages. It is not easy for English manufacturers to meet with commercial travellers having a colloquial knowledge of the languages of foreign countries; and if they engage foreigners they run the risk of the connexions acquired at their expense being quickly transferred to their foreign rivals.

The whole subject of foreign competition is most complex, and would well deserve and repay an inquiry by competent investigators, analogous to that which was directed in 1881-83 to one important division—namely, that of Technical Education.

In the meantime some consolation may be derived from the following figures, which tend to show that our condition is not so desperate as some people imagine. In the eight months of the present year, it is true, we imported manufactured articles to the value of £54,000,000, a value which included freight paid mainly to British ships; but a very large proportion of these imports was simply received for re-exportation. On the other hand we exported during the same months articles manufactured in this country to the value of £141,000,000, on which freight will still be payable, chiefly to our shipping, by the countries to which they are exported.

B. SAMUELSON.

PHEASANT-SHOOTING.

PHEASANT-SHOOTING proper—that is, the systematic shooting of big coverts—nowadays only begins with November, by which time the trees, thanks to frost and gales, have been unmasked of their foliage, and large woodlands can be properly dealt with. Yet the popular theory that pheasant-shooting springs into a full-fledged existence with October dies very hard, and a perusal of much contemporary literature still conveys the idea that crowds of guns and beaters issue forth punctually on the first of this month and slay thousands of the handsomest of English game-birds. That idea is, of course, a relic of the times when old-fashioned sportsmen, armed with long-barrelled flint-lock guns, went out in the early hours of the first morning in October, accompanied by springer or cocker spaniels, and proceeded to inaugurate a state of war upon *Phasianus colchicus*. These ancestors of ours were, by the way, men of far simpler habit and more modest desires than gunners of the present time. If, at the end of a hard day's walking in the crisp autumn air, two or three guns managed to amass a bag of ten or fifteen brace of pheasants, they were well content.

Sometimes, instead of the spaniels, the men of the flint-lock and percussion period employed an old, knowing pointer, who, at the word of command, would run forward, break his point, and put the pheasants to flight before they could run out of shot. Sometimes this office was even performed by a Newfoundland dog.

But, although the full pomp and panoply of pheasant-shooting is not nowadays apparent until November, there is still something to be done in October. Boundary-shooting, driving outlying birds in the direction of the big coverts, and picking up wild-bred birds in rough, outlying places, all require attention. The bags made during these early operations are not—measured by the standard of modern pheasant-shooting—very important, it is true; yet it may be doubted whether the twenty or thirty brace of pheasants, besides partridges, hares, and rabbits, gathered during an October day spent in this fashion do not often afford as much real pleasure as a big day at a fashionable pheasant-shoot in November or December. In getting abroad during the glorious days often to be met with in October, our ancestors certainly had the better of those modern sportsmen who seldom put up a gun at the pheasant until the splendour of autumn has vanished and not a leaf hangs upon the tree.

Although the pheasant was not originally indigenous to Great Britain, its antiquity is far more respectable than most people imagine. Even in Saxon times there is mention of these game-birds, and there can be little doubt that pheasants can date their origin in these islands from the time of the Roman occupation. *Phasianus colchicus* can therefore show a period of acclimatization in England of a thousand years, a period respectable enough, surely, to warrant him the title of a British bird. This pheasant seems to have been anciently procured by the Greeks and Romans from the river Phasis (from which obviously it took its name) in Asia Minor. From Roman times until towards the end of the last century the old English pheasant, as one may call it, maintained its original strain pure and undiluted by any foreign element. At this time various proprietors began to introduce the Chinese or ring-necked pheasant upon their estates. And so rapidly and completely has the ring-necked pheasant blended and inter-bred with *Phasianus colchicus* that it is now a very rare thing indeed to find a really representative specimen of the old ringless English pheasant. If the observer will look closely at the bag made upon any big estate at the end of a heavy day, or cast his eye upon the rows of cock pheasants hanging in a poulterer's shop, he will realize how completely the Chinese pheasant, introduced only within the last hundred years or so, has imprinted his characteristics upon the old stock. The white ring, which distinguishes the new blood, is seldom, if ever, to be found completely lacking.

It has been computed by careful observers that from 320,000 to 350,000 head of pheasants are annually shot during the season. That total represents, of course, an infinitude of systematic care and preparation during the period when the birds are being reared, as well as of very accurate shooting when the pheasants are "shown," and a big day is brought to a conclusion. The business of pheasant-rearing alone is, nowadays, as a visit to any large estate will easily demonstrate, a complete art and industry in itself. Yet the most acute and careful keeper, with every appliance at his hand that wealth can provide and experience suggest, has by no means an easy or unvexed time of it. Even from the most carefully selected eggs he cannot rely upon showing to the guns more than 50 per cent. of birds from the eggs collected. In the industry of pheasant-rearing and the business of providing for shooting days, it ought to be remembered by those who cavil at pheasant-shooters of the present time, large numbers of working-men are employed, who might otherwise find a good deal of difficulty in earning a living, and very considerable sums are distributed in wages. Again, the industries of gunmaking and shot and powder manufacture employ very large numbers of the wage-earning classes. From 1865 to the present time the increase in the wages and expenses account on large pheasant-shooting estates has been immense. On the other hand, the vast increase in pheasants has to a

considerable extent eased the pocket of the shooter and preserver. In the year 1883, for instance, in a single week the bag of pheasants at Croxteth Park (Lord Sefton's) amounted to 6,036 head. In addition to this huge total, 1,059 hares, as well as other game, were shot. But, besides the increase in the distribution of wages, in countrysides where pheasants are largely preserved, it ought to be acknowledged, to the credit of the pheasant-rearer, that an excellent, abundant, and reasonably cheap article of food is nowadays put upon the market. A pheasant is at least as good a table-bird as the domestic fowl, and a brace of these birds at, say, 5s. 6d. provides a meal at scarcely a higher cost than a couple of good chickens.

On the other hand, it ought to be remembered that there is some danger of pheasant-shooting being overdone. The pastime—sport, in the ancient sense of the word, it can scarcely be called—is becoming yearly more and more encompassed with luxury, and there seems some danger of its falling into the hands of the merely rich. No one can have failed to note that among the *nouveaux riches* pheasant-shooting is eagerly seized upon as an easy means of attracting desirable acquaintances.

A certain class of pheasant-breeder often exhibits the grossest selfishness, especially in his relations with the time-honoured sport of fox-hunting. The mere piling up of enormous bags is not in itself a criterion of woodcraft, endurance, or hardihood, qualities which in the old days were absolutely necessary to the sportsman. A man may be a good performer at pheasants, as he may be at pigeons, and yet he may be utterly incapable of vaulting a gate, or sitting a horse over a fence, or walking ten miles over a rough country.

As for the pheasants themselves, in spite of the state of semi-domestication in which, during the earlier part of their existence, the great proportion of them are now reared, it seems impossible to eradicate from them that natural wildness which they have inherited from a long line of ancestors. Once really a denizen of the woodlands the pheasant quickly resumes his ancient wariness and wildness, and becomes as real a game-bird as the partridge or grouse.

As a mere ornament to the countryside, the pheasant stands alone. Few of us would care to see this magnificent game-bird ruthlessly banished from covert and woodland. And it is not to be denied that, as a test of shooting skill, the pheasant, properly "shown," is supreme. The man who can neatly pull down a rocket, as it streams well over the trees upon a winter or autumnal gale, must be a first-rate performer with the shot-gun, even if he be not possessed of those other qualities so dear to the older generation of sportsmen.

"THE ROSE OF SHARON" AT NORWICH FESTIVAL.

NORWICH will scarcely be pleased to learn that I am scarcely pleased with Norwich. Probably within forty-eight hours after the publication of this article the local Press will say that as I am a low person of extraordinary "inventive malignity," the local Mayor must straightway call a public meeting to discuss the question of proceeding against me and my Editor for criminal libel for the purpose of proving me so very insignificant a personage that no one takes the slightest notice of anything that appears in my columns. Of course this conjecture may be a mistake, but it is based upon sundry paragraphs which appeared in the West-country papers after one of my articles told the truth about the Gloucester musical festival of last year; and since the truth about Norwich is infinitely worse than the truth about Gloucester, it is only reasonable to suppose that the Press of Gloucester will not be allowed to beat the Press of Norwich. But I beg Norwich to keep cool and remember that I by no means claim general infallibility, though in this particular case, as in every particular case, I believe myself to be infallibly right. And Norwich is welcome to make the best use it can of the fact that—for reasons presently to be stated—I have only been in Norwich for eight hours and attended only one of the seven concerts of its festival.

I went to Norwich chiefly to hear Mackenzie's "Rose of Sharon"—a work which I have not heard since its production twelve years ago, and one which possesses many interests for me. First of all it has a peculiar historical significance. The future historian of music will certainly be puzzled to know how it happened that the appearance of an essentially French oratorio—French in conception, in execution still more French—served as the signal of the coming of an unnumbered host of English works, how a French oratorio came to be the harbinger of an English spring. Gounod's "Redemption" was sung for the first time at Birmingham some fifteen or sixteen years since, and it is instructive to compare the publishers' lists for the period immediately following. In the former you will find few cantatas, oratorios or orchestral works—the latter are full of orchestral works, oratorios and cantatas, and chiefly cantatas. And this preponderance of cantatas tells a tale. Not many years before that epoch-making performance of the "Redemption," it had, curiously enough, occurred to some of our less insular English musicians that music here was in anything but a healthy state. Other people had seen this fact before; but it was about this time that musicians began to see it. Italian opera of the dreariest kind was the only opera we had; old-fashioned oratorios written by pedants, and still more terrible imitations of these written by duller pedants, were all we had in the way of choral music; for orchestral music there were the noble symphonies of the late Cusins, or if these did not satisfy you, the profounder works of Sullivan. Just before the eighties then, our musicians saw where they were, and began to look around them for an escape from the slough of despond. But on no side could they see an opening. Opera, serious opera, seemed out of the question; if they tried symphony they could only imitate what had already been achieved; if they went after oratorio they could only do what had oft been done before better than they could do it. Yet the tendency was towards oratorio, for oratorio is the form that the English might be expected to pay for, and with a very sincere desire to create an English art our composers managed to combine a very fervent ambition to make an English fortune. And just at this crucial moment the "Redemption" appeared. It is not a great artistic achievement, but compare it with the noble dimensions of the Macfarren oratorio and you will see that not only did it possess a degree of beauty and inspiration which raised it immeasurably above the doctor's music of our Englishman, but that it was, in form and intention at least, to a startling extent original and novel. It exploded like a bomb amongst the dusty traditions of English music, scattering them to the proverbial winds. For though our lower middle-classes held by their oratorio, yet having once had it in a form stimulating, moving, it was impossible for them to go back to the insufferably dreary, nerveless, Macfarren oratorio: the Macfarren oratorio was stamped as hopelessly old-fashioned on the memorable day of the production of the "Redemption." It made English audiences impatient of the old order of music; and it prepared them to listen with patience to a newer order. Further, it not only created in this way a demand for a less dreary mode of music, a music built after a less threadbare tradition, but showed our native composers how they might make music which, if it was not actually fresh, yet had something of the appearance of freshness. To do our composers justice, they took advantage of Gounod's hint without delay. The dramatic oratorio: that, clearly, was the form of the future—at least of the immediate future; and one dramatic oratorio after another was turned out in hot haste. Then the more astute musicians, finding the Bible an overworked field, took up "profane" stories and wrote "profane" music for them. And at first this step was an immense success; for the smaller choral societies of the country sopped up the new works as fast as they could be written.

One of the first in the newly opened field was Sir Alexander Mackenzie, then plain Mr. A. C. Mackenzie. He had tried the profane line in "Jason" and it was not a success; he had tried the operatic line in "Colomba" and it was a half-success; and when he tried the sacred line in "The Rose of Sharon" it was an

immediate and huge success. It is perhaps scarcely fair to call it a sacred work, for though the story is taken from the "Song of Solomon" it is treated in frankly secular and indeed entirely operatic fashion, and is hopelessly out of place in a sacred building. The libretto is one of Mr. Joseph Bennett's masterpieces, evolved out of slight material. The Sulamite is with her companions and her lover in the fields when Solomon comes up, and, protesting that he is violently smitten with her charms, carries her off. He makes strictly proper proposals to her and a contingent of his waiting women tell her of the advantages that will accrue to herself, Solomon and the whole tribe of Israel if she will be a consenting party; but she remains obstinately faithful to her Beloved, and is eventually dismissed as a hopeless case. In the preface to the first edition of the work Mr. Bennett alluded to the "parabolic significance" of the story, which he said was indicated by a prologue and an epilogue. But this I take leave to call unpleasant hypocrisy, for the prologue is nothing more than an unsupported statement that the story of the Sulamite "is a great mystery," while the epilogue (which is never sung and is, I believe, omitted from the later editions) is merely to the effect that he who overcometh shall eat of the tree of life, which is singularly incongruous with Solomon's plainly expressed emotions and the Sulamite's declaration that her desire is unto her Beloved. In some other respects the libretto is a little ludicrous. For instance, when The Beloved, under the Sulamite's window, asks to hear her voice, the poor young lady is made to sing "We will take the little foxes that ravage the vines," though whether she proposes to set fire to their tails, as Samson did, does not transpire, for The Beloved breaks in with "'Tis her voice," as if the choice of subject was immediately convincing. That Sir Alexander Mackenzie should gravely have set this scene makes me wonder whether he has any sense of humour. At all events, if a "comic" opera of his is to be produced shortly, I hope he will first submit it to a humorous expert and get an authoritative opinion as to whether it really contains any comedy. But despite such lapses, Sir Alexander Mackenzie here created a work of art of distinct importance in the history of English music. I deliberately place "The Rose of Sharon" above old Haydn's stale "Creation" and far above the mawkish and tedious "Elijah." The music is spontaneous and full of life and light and colour; some of the melodies possess a measure of beauty, and the choral writing is beyond anything attempted by an Englishman (saving our great Purcell, of course). I am quite prepared to admit that the tunes are almost without exception of the instrumental order, and that the Sulamite's rather too incessant exclamation "My Beloved is mine" reminds one of the crowing of a bantam; but neither Beethoven nor Purcell was ever vocal, and other and greater composers than Mackenzie have made the mistake of over-using an undignified phrase. Some of the best things are of course those which render "The Rose of Sharon" unfit for performance in a cathedral—Solomon's love-songs; for the truth is that Sir Alexander Mackenzie has permitted the monarch to dwell a little too lengthily upon the physical charms of the Sulamite and the music is distinctly of the erotic order. In fact it is surprising that the highly moral critics—such as Mr. Bennett himself or the late Mr. Hueffer—never found in these portions anything to dislike. The finest things are the "Sleep" movement and the chorus "Arise, O Lord"—the latter a grander piece of choral writing than anything in "Elijah"; but indeed there is little in the work which is not able. Sir Alexander Mackenzie is the only one of our modern Englishmen who ever had a distinct note, a style and manner, of his own; and a contemplation of "The Rose of Sharon" makes one bitterly angry that so gifted a man should have been compelled for the sake of £500 a year to bury himself and his gifts in the dust of a music school. I declare that if I had had any income at all ten years ago, which I had not, I would have halved it with Sir Alexander to save him from such a fate.

It was to hear this work, always a favourite of mine, that I rose earlier than I generally go to bed and caught

the first Norwich train, anticipating a performance at least equal to anything heard last year at Gloucester. Having every desire to state the case against Norwich as lightly as possible I will admit that there were many reasons why the performance would have been something of a disappointment, even had the singing been better than it was. The audience had come to see the Royalties and not to hear the music, and sat in what seemed a sullen silence, but was nothing more than concentration on one object, even after Mrs. Fisk had given us some of the finest singing she has ever done; and the result was a resistless and all-pervading depression. Again, there is one potent reason why the work itself, so popular when produced at Norwich twelve years ago, should be considerably less popular now. Then, coming when the "Redemption" was a very advanced work, it appeared extraordinarily lively, energetic, brilliant—now, coming when Wagner's music is accepted by all civilized people, it appears a little tame and safe and careful—a little too fastidious and gentlemanly in its workmanship. Sooner or later all good work goes through a period of neglect; and "The Rose of Sharon" is already in the shadow. Had it possessed a little more strength, the coming of Wagner in England would not have driven it from the field quite so easily: it might have held its own at least as well as "Elijah" or "St. Paul." But, as I say, to the average careless listener it seems a trifle tame: its beauty is missed while what it wants in sheer strength is keenly felt. When it is revived some years hence, the beauty will be felt and the absence of Wagner's strength taken for granted and allowed for, and it will then become popular once again; but until that time arrives only a conductor who wishes to land his choral society in the bankruptcy court will venture on a performance of it. To me the reception at Norwich seemed cool in the extreme, though what appeared coolness to me may possibly be considered enthusiasm by those who are better acquainted with the habits of Norwich audiences. But even when all allowance is made for the present unpopularity of "The Rose of Sharon," that coolness was chiefly attributable to the wretchedness of the choral singing. The Norwich singing was in every respect the worst I have ever heard. The trebles and tenors were pitifully feeble and thin—were, in fact, quite inaudible in some of the finest choruses; and while the altos were fair, the basses were (say) two hundred times too loud, only occasionally in tune, and always atrocious in quality. To give examples, a lovely passage at the fifth bar of p. 11 (old edition) was ruined by the basses literally roaring their *piano* notes; the *pianissimo* towards the finish was treated in exactly the same way; and a *fortissimo* entry at bar 3, p. 152, was like the roaring of a herd of mad bulls. But isolated instances afford no faintest notion of how very bad the singing was on the whole—how inartistically coarse, how blundering, how fearfully unintelligent. I regret exceedingly to have to say that in my opinion the Norwich chorus has not only less voice than any other chorus I have ever listened to, but has also considerably less intelligence: it is the stupidest chorus I know. At the end of "The Rose of Sharon," having endured three hours of it, I gathered my shattered self together and hurried to the station for the first London train. Perhaps I missed little. Certainly a look at the score of "Hero and Leander" has not filled me with any consuming desire to hear that achievement. I know "Fridolin" only too well; and Mr. Cliffe's concerto and Professor Stanford's ballad are certain to be given in London shortly.

Unless the truth is that good voices and intelligence are more uncommon in the East of England than in any other part—and this I do not believe—there is no good reason why it should not have a chorus equal to any. But it must get rid of the gentleman from London. Mr. Randegger is in his way a most excellent musician, as his training of the Queen's Hall Choir alone would show; and it is not Mr. Randegger personally, but the principle of having a gentleman from London, which is the curse of music in Norwich. Gentlemen from London, flattered and treated as much more distinguished people than they really are, guests of Norwich gentlemen, are of course too easily pleased, too ready to pay compliments that are not deserved: it would not be civil of them to turn round, as I do,

and say, "Ladies and gentlemen, not one in every ten of you has enough brains and enough voice to become a good singer; and the sooner you disband and reorganize your choir under the direction of the local musicians the better." Nevertheless, this is the truth, and the sooner Norwich believes it, and learns to laugh at all the pretty things said by all the gentlemen from London—especially those who come to conduct their own compositions—the sooner will Norwich be in the right way for getting a festival to compare with other festivals. Norwich has a number of first-rate musicians, and it must learn to depend upon them. They cannot be expected to take the trouble to train the choir properly in the full knowledge that at the end of their two years' labour a gentleman from London will come down, conduct two or three rehearsals, and run off with all the credit if the singing is good, while taking none of the blame if it is bad. They know well enough that the voices are bad, and the singing bad, but why should they take the risk of becoming unpopular by saying so? However, not until they do say so, and take the management of affairs into their own hands, will the Norwich festival be worthy of comparison with the festival of the West. I do not say that the Western one is an ideal musical function, or that musical festivals with a charitable object should be supported at all; but were I a Norwich man I should at any rate do the thing, whatever it was, as well as it could be done.

J. F. R.

MONEY MATTERS.

SELDOM, if ever, has it been more difficult to understand the movements on the Stock Exchange. There is not, so far as can be discovered, any adequate reason for the continued quietude of business and the persistent dulness of prices. Politically, the outlook seems to be quite clear; for although the demonstrations in Paris may not be pleasant to Germany, they are not likely to lead to mischief, but by pleasing France may lead to a satisfactory settlement of affairs with the "Shadow" in the East of Europe. Again, there is nothing in the monetary position to occasion anxiety, although, of course, a position of stable equilibrium has not been, and is not likely to be at present, established in New York. There may be some big house or speculator in difficulties, but it scarcely seems probable; and even if the rumours affecting a somewhat notorious Paris operator, with whom the Rothschilds are acquainted, were well founded, no satisfactory explanation of the fall in prices would be afforded. Nor is the task rendered more easy if the markets are analysed separately. Home Rails have had their fall, owing to the collapse of an account based upon abnormally cheap money; "Yankees" must be even now, despite their recent advance, virtually on "bed-rock"; South African shares generally stand at reasonable prices, and the prospects are encouraging. Foreign stocks are, no doubt, high in price; but then so they have been any time these past years, and that when the outlook was less settled. In the Westralian market we perhaps have a source of weakness, but none probably of much importance. There is, however, one thing which, although not of primary importance, may have exercised a rather powerful ancillary influence—namely, the extent to which the public have been in the past year fed, or rather crammed, with the securities of doubtful companies. They have bitten firmly, and in too many cases have been "had," we fear; but when "on the feed" no criticism or warning avails. It is as it was in the beginning of joint-stock enterprise, and much else. Wisdom may cry aloud in the market-place, but no one will hearken.

A rather sharp fall has taken place in "gilt-edged" stocks, owing to fears in regard to the future value of money—fears which, we think, are without warrant. At the same time it has to be remembered that prices had been forced up to an absurdly high level, and they may quietly fall still lower, especially when speculation revives, and more attention is given to securities of a fairly venturesome character which promise comparatively large returns. The Bank rate remains at 3 per cent.,

and no decided change in Lombard Street seems probable.

Dulness, unenlightened by a gleam of light, is all that can be said of the Home Railway Market; but yet, at the same time, a better undertone is now observable. Prices have given way simply, as it were, of their own weight—mere *vis inertia*—and not because there are now remaining any real elements of unsoundness in the general position. As a matter of fact, the conditions have become more satisfactory; for, despite the unsettled weather, the traffic returns show up well in comparison with last year, and the figures relating to the foreign trade of the country are distinctly encouraging. Nor is there, so far as we can see, anything in the monetary position to afford substantial ground for apprehension. The fall this week, in fact, is mainly neurotic, and we look for a speedy recovery in quotations. The Metropolitan District "deep-level" scheme has been published, and it does not, from our point of view, give much encouragement to the "bulls." It is difficult, and the results are remote; while it would be interesting to know why electric traction cannot be applied on the existing lines. "Districts" are good to sell, if not speculatively, at least by *bona-fide* holders, and the same remark applies to Sheffield issues; for it is becoming evident that the cost of the extension to the metropolis will be enormous.

Apart from Louisvilles, which have been upheld by the favourable character of the annual report, the surplus over fixed charges being \$1,377,000 as against only \$700,000 in 1894-5, "Yankee" Rails have again declined to a lower level—a feat which seemed almost impossible of achievement. The belief grows—is, in fact, now almost firmly established—that Mr. Bryan, the apostle of Silver and partial Repudiation, has little or no chance of success; but then Mr. McKinley when weighed in the balance is found wanting, for it seems quite clear that his tariff policy, if carried into effect, will dislocate the trade of the United States. It is this eternal meddling and muddling with either the tariff or the currency—on both of which subjects so many good Americans are "cranks"—that renders most Yankee railway shares absolutely of no value as investments. Of course there are other influences, such as the tricks of the "bosses," and the way in which rates have been cut down by what is virtually free competition; but nevertheless the other factors have long been most potent. Canadian Pacific shares have been depressed by an unexpectedly bad traffic return, while Grand Trunks have continued as usual to stew in neglect—a fate which they deserve.

We understand that powerful support has been already accorded to the recent movement directed against the proceedings of Mr. C. B. Huntington, as regards the management of the Central Pacific Railroad and the policy of the London Committee in reference thereto. It was Messrs. W. Moorshead and F. J. Longton who, by their letters to Mr. Huntington, initiated the English agitation in 1884, and, so far as we understand the situation, it appears that the shareholders at the intended meeting will have to deal with a very substantial grievance. They would do well to communicate in the meantime with Mr. W. Moorshead, D5 Albany, London, W.

It need scarcely be said that "International" stocks have been upheld; for on the Continent politics and finance go hand in hand, and no fall on the Bourse would be allowed to mar the visit of the Tsar to Paris. The one exception is Spanish, which have at last begun to give way, and where they will stop no man can predict. Intrinsically they cannot be worth much more than Portuguese. As soon as certain Paris operators get tired of lending the Spanish Government the money to meet the coupons, there will be a *débâcle* in this stock. Amongst South American securities Argentine stocks—which are unduly high in price, as we have pointed out before—have declined; but other issues have kept steady.

The Rio Tinto dividend of 18s. per share came well up to expectation, and the shares have ruled firmer; and a good crushing return has served to keep the

light steady of Aladdin's Lamps; but in most respects the Mining Market has been in a rather parlous case, "Kaffirs" and Westralians having fallen heavily. The worst is that in many cases dealings in shares have virtually dried up, and realization is practically impossible. Yet the outlook is not unsatisfactory either in the Transvaal or at the Antipodes. It is scarcely, we think, to be doubted that a recovery is near at hand.

We were much amused at a violent attack on Mr. Horatio Bottomley in Thursday's "Star." He has sometimes operated, it appears, with Mr. Mackusick of Universal Stock Exchange renown—to their mutual advantage; but their friendship has been of brief duration, to judge from a recent utterance in Mr. Bottomley's organ "The Joint Stock Circular." It is not generally known that Mr. Horatio Bottomley is the nephew of the late Charles Bradlaugh, from whom he has inherited his legal acumen. But they differ in at least one point; Bradlaugh spent his life in fighting for principles, while his nephew seems to be occupied in fighting for a person—himself.

NEW ISSUES, &c.

THE CLÉMENT, GLADIATOR, AND HUMBER (FRANCE), LIMITED.

An important amalgamation of the three leading Cycle houses in France, to be called the Clément, Gladiator, and Humber (France) Limited, will be issued on Monday next both in England and France. The capital of the Company is £900,000, divided into 200,000 6 per cent. Preference shares at £1 each and 700,000 Ordinary shares at £1 each. Mr. E. T. Hooley of Risley Hall, Derby, is the vendor, and among the Directors are the Right Hon. Earl de la Warr (Chairman), the Hon. Derek Keppel, Mr. M. D. Rucker, M. Adolphe Clément, M. A. Darracq, and Mr. H. E. Watson, General Manager of the Dunlop (France) Limited. £150,000 has been provided for working capital, and the profits declared on the two French businesses alone stand, we hear, at £87,000 for the eighteen months ending September 1895. The new Company also acquires the business of the Humber (France) Company, and the Directors state that the large business done by this Company must result in considerable further profit. The full prospectus will appear on Monday next. It is said that over half a million of the capital has already been applied for.

Just as we are going to press we hear that Mr. E. T. Hooley has bought Bovril. It is said that the price was over two millions sterling. Now that the cycle has met the cow we wonder what the result will be—the better for Mr. Hooley no doubt.

TWO NEW COMPANIES.

In the early part of the week two Companies made their appearance, and it is difficult to estimate their promise of absolute futility. This term is hardly adequate to express a true opinion of the merits, or rather demerits, of British Dominions Exploration, Limited. It is true that no promotion money is to be paid either in cash or paper, and that no Founder's shares are to be issued, which is to the good. The Company, too, registered with a capital of no less than £250,000—a work of supererogation, it would seem, except from the Somerset House point of view—asks for only £30,000 out of a first issue of £50,000. But, it may be said, look at the character of the Board, which should compensate for the fact that it is to start business with nothing else than a number of mining options in Westralia, &c., which are as plentiful as blackberries in a country lane. We have nothing to say about the Board, but it would be interesting to know what Lord Bateman, the Chairman, can pretend to in this connexion, except that of a purely ornamental character. Indeed, the same question might be asked in regard to practically all the other directors. The list of applications for shares in such a Company, of course, opens and closes in a few hours, and this is a dodge which is now getting a little "stale." As if investors would in these times make a mad rush for the shares of such a concern! As to the West Australian Loan and General Finance Corporation, we can only say that most probably the much-vaunted felicity of obtaining

the assistance of Mr. George Wreford, "late senior Official Receiver, Board of Trade," may be of more value later on, and probably not in connexion with mining—a subject in which he would scarcely profess to be an expert.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"HOLD, FURIOUS SCOT!"

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

LONDON, 8 October, 1896.

SIR,—I am sorry to disappoint Mr. Clement Scott, but really I am not paralysed. "I have seldom before," says the Poet, "been bitten by a Rat who dared not show his face, and was coward enough to conceal his identity, who, when I call him out, as I do now, to fight me in the rat-pit" (a picturesque encounter!) "scrambles off to his miserable hole paralysed with fear." These prophecies in the present tense are very dangerous things. Here am I, a real, live Rat; young, it may be, but quite calm; rejoicing in a Christian name and a surname (both printed below), and in a fairly keen sense of humour; delighted to emerge from my miserable hole in the office of the "Saturday Review" and put my back to the wainscot. In a word, here I am.

I admit that Mr. Scott's method of controversy makes reply difficult. In two columns of last week's "Era" he contradicts nearly as often as he repeats himself. The suddenness of his metaphors, too, confuses me, and I am simply bewildered by the menagerie of animals that he has contrived to collect—an ox, a cur, lions, tigers, an angry parrot, and a Rat "who is evidently anxious to throw explosives under a man's chair"—the intelligent little creature! A Rat with a cloven hoof, too! But I will try to deal clearly with Mr. Scott's indictment. From that chaos of bluster let me try to distinguish his grievance. It seems that he is angry because, on 16 September, 1896, there appeared in the "Saturday Review" an anonymous article on "An Unhappy Poet," in which (he alleges) he was most discourteously and most unfairly treated.

Well, first as to my anonymity. Out of that Mr. Scott strives to make much capital. If one may judge from his frenzied tone, he thinks that never before in the whole history of English journalism has an anonymous attack been made upon a public man. A glance through the files of "Truth," "To-Day," and other publications to which he has contributed—to say nothing of the "Hawk," his close connexion with which journal is still remembered—would soon dispel his strange illusion. It seems that Sydney Grundy, Robert Buchanan, and George Bernard Shaw (in the case of such men he makes no apology for dropping the Mr.) have all attacked him in signed articles. *Argal*, they are men. My attack was unsigned. *Argal*, many very terrible things; including the certainty that I am a Rat, and that I was animated with spite and restrained by cowardice. But let us not be carried away by Mr. Scott's emotional logic. Let us think calmly. I suppose that Mr. Scott, as dramatic critic, had publicly attacked the work of Mr. Grundy and Mr. Buchanan. Their signatures were, therefore, pertinent to any reply they chose to make. Mr. Bernard Shaw reviewed a book of Mr. Scott's in his columns of the "Saturday Review." It would have been strange if, for once, he had withheld his customary G. B. S. On the other hand, no circumstances made my signature pertinent, nor had I ever signed any of the articles which, from time to time, I had been contributing to the "Saturday Review." Why should I have signed this one?

In order to pile up the agony, Mr. Scott suggests that in all probability he had "often shaken my ill-favoured paw and done me many a service and good turn." Perhaps I had better state at once that I was once introduced to Mr. Scott, some four years ago, in a club, and that he did shake my ill-favoured paw. Probably Mr. Scott has quite forgotten that he ever met me. Certainly we have not met since, and I have never received any good turns from him, nor, for that matter, any bad ones. Personally, then, I had no reason for attacking Mr. Scott, nor any reason for not attacking him.

Every one, I take it, has a right to his own opinion of any book, and a right, also, to express his opinion freely, without regard to the number of years during which the writer of the book has been "before the public." I take it that Mr. Scott does not dispute that obvious principle. When first I read "Lays and Lyrics," some weeks ago, I came to the conclusion, rightly or wrongly, that Mr. Scott's poetry was bad. In the "Saturday Review" I gave ironical expression to that opinion. So far, so good. Mr. Scott's complaint is that I wrote unfairly, even dishonestly. His exaggerations in the presentment of his case are really ludicrous. I will examine them briefly. He says that I made use of the Bexhill quatrain, knowing that "he had denied the authorship of this quatrain as it was quoted a dozen times at least." I simply transcribed the lines as they appeared in a back number of the "Daily Telegraph." Where the dozen denials appeared I do not know. If Mr. Scott will give me an authorized version of the couplet,

"And when we rise to heights supernal,
We shall cry 'Adsum!' like the Colonel,"

I will substitute it for the one given. Also, I will substitute "Præterita" for "Violet." "Violet" is the title of the succeeding poem in "Lays and Lyrics," whence my quite harmless mistake. The title "Violet" was not even necessary to the little joke I made about the poem. Nor, if Mr. Scott, in his immense scholarship, had given the poem fifty Latin titles, would the lines I quoted have been one whit less silly. "Misreading" and "misjudging" are the terms Mr. Scott applies to that old trick, a comic interpretation of a serious meaning. If any one really supposed that Mr. Scott was addressing, as I suggested, not a lady, but a seaside resort, that person's brain would be an interesting study for the pathologists. Mr. Scott accuses me of further misquotations, which, however, he does not specify. I have taken the trouble to verify all my other quotations. I find them correct.

In complaining of the vulgarity of my style, Mr. Scott carries the war into my country. Permit me to carry it back again. The phrases he gibbets, "flee away" and "gilded confinement of a stage-box," were intended as parodies of his own style. But I must admit, since reading last week's "Era," that, in the art of parodying Mr. Scott, Mr. Scott has no rival.

Mr. Scott accuses me of having shown a cloven hoof. That sounds very terrible. But really the sentence about "friendship or enmity, gratitude or revenge," was not dictated by spleen. It was but the cursory expression of a byword. Mr. Scott was never a judicial critic. At times, he can display a very natty cloven hoof of his own. As I had made no secret, in conversation, that I was the author of "An Unhappy Poet," and as every one in theatrical circles knew me to be the author within a fortnight of the article's appearance, and as my identity was even disclosed by a Sunday paper, it would have been strange indeed if Mr. Scott, the person most interested and most indignant, had really remained in the dark. His passionate appeal for my name, therefore, has a rather formal ring. Indeed, I suspect that Mr. Scott does not really want to fight me. Like Polyphemus and Goliath, he craves a larger antagonist. Both in the "Era" and elsewhere, he has been hinting darkly that there was some one, some desperate relative, who had urged me on to assail him. But herein, to adopt his own mode of speech, Mr. Scott has planted his cloven hoof upon a mare's nest. The inception and the execution of "An Unhappy Poet" were entirely my own.—Yours truly,

MAX BEERBOHM.

JAPAN'S FOREIGN POLICY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—With the Japanese Foreign portfolio again in the hands of Count Okuma, the Far East should before long provide some interesting problems for the student of foreign politics. In a speech delivered at Osaka a few weeks ago, when in a position of "greater freedom and less responsibility," Count Okuma denounced the Ministry of Marquis Ito because it had so easily yielded to the "trivial intervention" of foreign Powers and given back the Liao-tung peninsula. To

conquer that territory, the Japanese statesman continued, had cost Japan the blood of thousands of brave men and two hundred millions of dollars; and a spiritless Government which could throw away life and treasure in this fashion was wholly worthless, and could not be depended upon in national emergencies. Count Okuma did not, however, say what course the Government should have adopted when Russia, with Germany and France as her allies, was exercising pressure upon Japan. Had the Japanese Ministry then refused the "advice" proffered by the three Powers, there can be no doubt that this would have meant war; and how near we were at that time to a war which might have involved more than one European nation, only those behind the scenes in Japanese councils know. There was, indeed, a very strong party even in the Cabinet itself which urged that Russia should be treated with defiance. On her side Russia was determined that her "advice" should not be disregarded. Orders were given to the Russian squadron in the Far East to be prepared for any emergency; and on 2 May, 1895, at the culminating point of the crisis, three Russian war vessels left Kobe for an "unknown destination," with instructions that if the strained relations resulted in war, their first duty was to cut the cables connecting Japan with the outer world, and thus at the same time cut the communications of Japan's armies in the Liao-tung peninsula with their base. It was the great influence of Ito, the Premier, and Mutsu, the Foreign Minister, which, exercised in favour of peace, almost alone saved the situation. The "advice" of the three Powers was accepted. Marquis Yamagata was hurriedly dispatched to Kinchow, there to explain the situation at field headquarters to the army officers, whose indignation at the orders to withdraw caused the Government much uneasiness; political meetings which attempted to denounce ministerial policy were dispersed and the orators cautioned by the police; and the mildest criticisms in the Press were met by wholesale suspensions, as many as a hundred newspapers being under the Censor's ban at one time. It now appears that had Count Okuma been in power he would have favoured a war with Russia rather than have surrendered the peninsula of Liao-tung, and in the speech to which we have referred he declares for a spirited foreign policy at all hazards. "Risks must be faced boldly," he said. "Look at Lord Clive and Warren Hastings in India, and Dr. Jameson in Africa. The last-named is only a physician, yet he had the courage to invade the Transvaal with a handful of soldiers in the hope of securing gold mines." Jameson failed, and was arraigned before the law courts; but, Count Okuma declares that had he succeeded he would have made himself a second Clive or Hastings. On this point we can agree with or differ from the present Japanese Foreign Minister as we like. What is of importance is that his programme of a spirited foreign policy, if put into execution, will most certainly bring his country into collision with Russia. Marquis Ito's Ministry concluded an arrangement with the Northern Power by which Korea was to be administered under a sort of dual control. But Count Okuma's party denounce this as an unworthy concession to Russian intrigue, involving as complete an abandonment by Japan of the fruits of victory as in the case of the retrocession of Liao-tung. If their leader attempts to translate into action the policy suggested in Opposition—and his Osaka speech leaves no doubt as to his inclinations—we shall be face to face with another momentous complication in the Far East before many months have passed.—Yours faithfully,

A STUDENT OF EASTERN AFFAIRS.

"DR. WATTS'S 'MY MOTHER'!"

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—May I call your attention to the use of the above phrase by G. B. S. in your issue of 3 October? The verses so called, beloved of the parodists, were written, as G. B. S. on reflection is doubtless aware, by the immortal sisters Jane and Anne Taylor, finer poets than Dr. Watts.—Yours, &c.,

R. B. C.

[Reflection is no cure for ignorance. I simply did not know any better; and I thank R. B. C. for instructing me.—G. B. S.]

REVIEWS.

THE DREAM OF A DISTRICT VISITOR.

"Sir George Tressady." By Mrs. Humphry Ward.
London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1896.

THE passion for Greatness finally led George Eliot over the brink of the ridiculous, and we need not wonder therefore when Mrs. Humphry Ward, who has neither George Eliot's humour nor her breadth of view, crosses the same subtle boundary. Mrs. Humphry Ward has many of the qualifications of a good novelist. In the present volume, her development of the shallow extravagant Letty Sewell, who becomes Lady Tressady, and of Tressady's mother, has all the incisive truthfulness of an unhesitating dislike; and Sir George Tressady and Fontenoy are drawn with a sort of copious accuracy that is tiresome perhaps, but undeniable. Mrs. Ward certainly sees clearly, and can record faithfully, the details that make up character. Old Lady Tressady's extravagances, the drift of Sir George towards bankruptcy, Letty's invitations, are treated with almost surprising insight. Mrs. Humphry Ward has indeed neither very much humour nor very much wit; but then she has the sense to make no attempts in these directions, and the plain unvarnished unsympathetic portions of her narrative are on the whole very passable reading—quite as endurable on a wet afternoon as a sensible experienced woman making talk by criticizing her neighbour's housekeeping and retailing parochial details. Her treatment of the domestic affairs of a class to which many aspire and few belong has the indisputable stamp of truth, and that alone would suffice to win her readers.

Unfortunately she is not content with these intimacies. Urged on by the indubitably respectable but often curiously thick-voiced "Times," she essays once more to "thrust her hand into the hot fire of living interests," to present again (as the "Christian World" had it) "a living picture, boldly outlined and vividly coloured, of a complex, a difficult, but withal a profoundly interesting age." And the consequence is a lamentable display of social ignorance, a gabble of Socialism, and a "sympathetic" character worthy to stand beside "The Woman Who Did" and the heroine of the "Sorrows of Satan" in her shameless posturing impossibility. For Lady Maxwell is that terrible creature, in part the dream, in part the pose of a novelist—one of those characters of whom the writer seems always to be on the point of saying, "Go thou and do likewise." She lives a Sinless life, influencing people for Good, and wearing, by special request of her husband, diamonds that "belonged to Marie Antoinette." Pose and dream! And in one brief passage we seem to find the quintessence of the book, the wonderful yearning of the clever, serious, busy woman to exercise physical charm and excite sexual jealousy, expressed with an astonishing naïveté.

"He talked graciously to the wife of Tressady's abilities and Tressady's career. Letty at first liked it. Then she was seized with a curious sense of discomfort."

"Her eyes wandered towards the head of the table, where George was talking—why! actually talking earnestly, and as though he were enjoying himself—to Lady Maxwell, whose noble head and neck, rising from a silver-white dress, challenged a Genoese Vandyck of a Marchesa Balbi which was hanging just behind her, and challenged it victoriously."

In the development Sir George Tressady makes respectful but passionate love to this soul of a high school mistress in a high-art body and diamonds, and she is as surprised as if she had been in a nunnery all her life. They have the most lovely emotions.

"He wrestled with himself."

"It was mad selfishness," he said at last, recovering himself by a fierce effort. "Mad it must have been—or I could never have come here to give you pain. Some demon drove me. Oh, forgive me! forgive me! Good-bye! I shall bless you while I live. But you—you must never think of me, never speak of me—again."

"She felt his grasp upon her fingers. He stooped, passionately kissed her hand and a fold of her dress. She rose hurriedly; but the door had closed upon him before she had found her voice or choked down the sob in her throat."

"She could only drop back into her chair, weeping silently, her face hidden in her hands."

"A few minutes passed. There was a step outside. She sprang up and listened, ready to fly to the window, and hide herself among the curtains. Then the colour flooded into her cheeks. She waited. Maxwell came in."

Whereupon she and Maxwell talk it over frankly and freely. Marcella wept a little, and the husband, among other things, reflected that "to any man she liked she was always ready, as she came to know him, to show her true self with a freedom and loveliness that were like the freedom and loveliness of a noble child."

Such are the imaginations of serious women. After that Sir George and Lady Tressady are influenced for good, and reconciled at the feet of Marcella. Letty also is conquered. "Sometimes when Marcella stood beside her, unconscious, talking pleasantly of London folk or Ancoats, or trying to inform herself as to Letty's life at Ferth, a half-desolate intuition would flash across the younger woman of what it might be to be admitted to the intimate friendship of such a nature, to feel those long, slender arms pressed about her once more, not in pity or remonstrance, as of one trying to exorcise an evil spirit, but in mere love, as of one asking as well as giving." And then a convenient but inconsequent mine accident kills Sir George—he dies babbling of her—and the book terminates.

Incidentally, in the glorification of this wonderful creature one gets another of those pictures of the present state of society that so astonish the "Times" and "Christian World." The present picture certainly deserves attention, if only for the extraordinary mental seclusion to which it witnesses. England Mrs. Humphry Ward presents as consisting of two classes. The upper class is restricted in its numbers, and luxurious in habits; its men are educated at the public schools—when by any chance a boy of this class is not so educated, he speaks French fluently, affects Art, and elopes with actresses (p. 242)—graduate at Oxford, and proceed to rule the world. Scientific progress of all sorts is apparently due to them (e.g. Huxley, Gregory, Dalton, Joule, Stanley); they control commerce (Barnato, Rhodes); literature (Meredith, Hardy, Kipling, Stevenson); and initiate all legislation (Cobden, Bright). Civilization could not exist without them. They live partly in the western quarters of London convenient for the Houses of Parliament, and partly in country houses. The lower class is numerous, stupidly prolific, unclean and uncomfortable, given to drink, and incapable of managing its own affairs, which service is performed by the women of the upper class—for the most part before lunch. This lower class inhabits the East End of London and the collieries. The more energetic of its members occasionally rise to a certain painful eminence in political affairs, but such members are to be detected by their three racial peculiarities, an inability to get clothes of a correct cut, to aspire the letter *h*, and to enter an upper-class drawing-room without misadventure. This lower class cannot do anything to save itself from the miseries of its state; to listen to "Socialist bawlers" only brings upon it further disasters, and its only hope of salvation lies in the generous exertions of such rare persons as Lady Maxwell, and the men they influence for Good and employ upon District Visiting on a large and unprecedented scale. Unhappily this lower class, at the instigation of the ultra-Conservative party, resents district visiting, and once it threw a stone at Lady Maxwell, and once a clod of earth at Lady Tressady—which was certainly very stupid of it. This is the present state of affairs in England. The ultimate fate of the lower class is still undecided.

Such, briefly, is the last wonderful soul's drama Mrs. Humphry Ward has placed before us. It is only just to add that it is far below the level of much of her previous work.

MISS SCHREINER ON SOUTH AFRICA.

"The Political Situation." By Olive Schreiner and C. S. Cronwright-Schreiner. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1896.

EVEN to a public so ignorant of its Colonies as the British we have no need to introduce Miss Olive Schreiner. "The Story of an African Farm" has been widely read in this country; and it is now more than a year since its talented author and Mr. C. S. Cronwright-Schreiner entered the political arena as the opponents of Mr. Rhodes. In the book before us the Schreiners do little more than repeat what they have already said in the Press and on the platform against the group of politicians and financiers whom it pleases them to refer to as the Monopolists. And in a sense the term is apt. Mr. Rhodes and his friends did, until the other day, absorb most of the power, most of the wealth, and all the public interest in the colony. But then that was because they were the cleverest, the most energetic, and the most interesting persons in South Africa. Miss Schreiner does not assert—she is too straightforward to insinuate—that the Monopolists stole their wealth, or usurped their power, or created a fictitious public opinion. Mr. Rhodes and his friends were what they were because the people of South Africa made them so. "Tu l'as voulu, Dandin, tu l'as voulu."

It should be explained that this volume was written, or these lectures delivered (for the first part of the book is described as "a paper" read at a meeting in Kimberley Town Hall), before the Jameson raid. Before last Christmas, then, the political situation in the Cape Colony, according to the Schreiners, was this. The Monopolists, or ring of speculators and amalgamators, for whom it would save trouble to write Mr. Rhodes, had joined hands with the Retrogressive wing of the Afrikaner Bond, and between them had worked a Retrogressive movement in the Colony for some years. The Retrogressives in the Bond were the colonists of the old school, who wanted to whack their "boys," and keep up the price of their farm produce by Protective tariffs. The Monopolists were content with all the diamonds, gold, and coal, and a free hand to annex as much land as they could north of the Zambesi. The Monopolists and the Retrogressives were politically necessary to each other. The result of the combination had been the Franchise Act, by which the monetary qualification for a vote was raised from £25 to £75 per annum; a Flogging Bill which proposed to legalize corporal punishment of servants, but which was dropped after being voted for by Mr. Rhodes and two other members of his Government; the Glen Grey Act, which enacts forced labour by the blacks for the whites during a certain period of the year; the raising of the tariff on the primary necessities of life, already taxed "to an appalling extent," by putting a prohibitive duty of 2d. per lb. on frozen meat and doubling the existing duty of 38 per cent. on wheat; the allowing of diamonds and liquor to go untaxed; and the alienation of vast tracts of land, in which an interest or royalty should have been reserved for the Colony, to rings or trusts composed of London speculators, some of whom, like the Duke of Fife, have never seen South Africa. Such is, we think, a not unfair summary of the Schreiners' indictment of the government of the Cape Colony during the last few years.

It is a vigorous and precise indictment, and no one can deny the right of Miss Schreiner and her friends to challenge the supremacy of Mr. Rhodes. We may admire Miss Schreiner's courage in giving battle to the giant, and we may even agree with her that the condition of the body politic in the Cape Colony is not entirely healthy. Neither is it so in any of the young and growing communities of the Eastern and Western hemispheres, nor can it, from the nature of things, be so. Politics are not in a sound condition in any of our Colonies, or in the northern or southern continents of America. In struggling and unsettled societies, where fortunes are made rapidly and upon a scale beyond the dreams of avarice by the lucky or clever few, while the majority remain in a state of comparative indigence, abuses will always creep in. In an old and settled country like England, government is in the hands of

those who have governed as a class for many generations. Everything is an affair of tradition in such countries, and though parvenus are not excluded they do not set the tone, but take the tone from the traditionary group. The mistake which Miss Schreiner makes is the rather common one of unconsciously comparing the politics of a State like the Cape Colony with those of Great Britain. The basis of her indictment is transcendental, and transcendentalism in politics, as in philosophy, always ignores facts. Take, for instance, the Franchise and Labour questions, two of the main counts in her indictment of the Retrogressives. It is easy to arraign a monetary qualification for the vote, and forced labour, upon abstract principles. Upon the assumption that white men and black are equal, and should be treated alike, there is no answer to the arraignment. We should not tolerate the Franchise Act or the Glen Grey Act in this country; but then a Yorkshireman is not a Kafir, and it is madness to argue as if he was. The Americans have found out the insanity of political transcendentalism, and in the Southern States of the Union they are obliged to resort to force and fraud in order to escape from the consequences of ignoring physiological facts. Which does Miss Schreiner consider the sounder policy: to admit negroes to the franchise and refuse to count their votes, or to exclude them by a monetary qualification? Mr. Rhodes, who is not a transcendentalist, has chosen the latter, the more logical and straightforward course. We are not going to enter into a discussion of tariffs with Miss Schreiner. We will merely ask her whether she is aware that Stuart Mill has lent the sanction of his name to a system of prohibitive tariffs in the case of young States.

From the fact of the publication of these papers at this juncture, we must infer that the Schreiners regard the return of Mr. Rhodes to his former position at the Cape as imminent. To counteract his policy, the Schreiners propose to form a Progressive party, the three planks of whose platform are to be Free Labour, Free-trade, and a low franchise. The members of this new party are to be absolutely unpurchasable, by office, concessions, or money. They are to oppose impartially Monopolists and Retrogressives, Englishmen and Dutchmen, and, like our Irish members, are to hold aloof from all Governments. Miss Schreiner does not hope to return more than ten or twelve members to the Cape Assembly, nor does she expect her new party to be a power in the land for fifteen or twenty years. In the meantime there can be no objection to the Schreiners, or any one else, beating the drum Progressive, and forming an incorruptible Opposition, which is a necessary element in a free community. The strongest statesmen are generally grateful to a strong Opposition: it is a touchstone of public opinion, and often keeps them straight. But the real answer to Miss Schreiner would be the return of Mr. Rhodes to power at Cape Town. It would show that the Colony wanted him; and unless Miss Schreiner means that her fellow-colonists are incapable of self-government, there could be no better reply to her denunciation of the Retrogressive movement than the restoration of its leader.

RENAN'S INFLUENCE UPON ARNOLD.

"The Poetry of the Celtic Races, and other Studies." By Ernest Renan. Translated, with an Introduction, by William G. Hutchison. London: Walter Scott. 1896.

WE confess that we took up this little book with a sort of shudder, for it is lettered on the back "The Poetry of the Celtic Races," and we supposed it to be another of those ridiculous volumes about the Celtic genius and the Celtic fringe that nowadays abound, in which long-haired men scream to short-haired women and proclaim that everything and everybody, from Shakspeare to Mr. George Meredith, from Chaucer to Walt Whitman, is a blossom of the universal Celt. But we were immediately pacified by perceiving that so far from being the last and most foolish of these appreciations of the vague, it was a fresh edition of the first and wisest—a translation, namely, of that exquisite study of Renan's which formed part of the

"Essais de Morale et de Critique" in 1859. How far the subject has been carried since, into what ramifications of incoherency and insipidity the mustard-seed has developed, we all know. But it is wholesome to be confronted once more with the original, in which, side by side, it is true, with an element of latent exaggeration, so much of its author's reasonable and sympathetic lucidity is apparent.

The translator, Mr. W. G. Hutchison, has produced a readable version, in which Renan may be studied with pleasure by those to whom French is a sealed language, and he has written a straightforward, sensible preface, which is exactly suited to aid readers of the class for whom it is intended. In this preface, however, one thing is omitted which it seems to us interesting to dwell upon. The curious influence exercised on Matthew Arnold by precisely those portions of Renan's work which are here selected is a theme which cannot have occurred to the editor and translator, or he would surely have emphasized it. It has been strongly borne in upon us by glancing at the contents of this volume. Was it by an accident that such themes as "Spinoza," "Marcus Aurelius," "Amiel," "Islamism," "Intolerance in Scepticism," and, above all, "The Poetry of the Celtic Races," were subjected to Renan's examination a few years before Arnold annexed each of them in turn? We cannot think so, and the tracing of a thread of influence from the French critic to the English one through successive books would be a highly interesting exercise.

We have looked into the matter ourselves, somewhat superficially, and have formed the idea that, for some reason or other, Matthew Arnold did not wish to emphasize the relation. He, who loved to quote openly and rather fully from controversial writers, is curiously sparing of references to Renan. In this particular matter of the poetry of the Celtic Races his reticence is really remarkable. In delivering, in 1865 and 1866, his Oxford lectures on the subject, it is conceivable that Matthew Arnold did not think it judicious to quote so contentious an author as Renan. For all his freedom of mind, Arnold had strange little corners of Philistinism. By that time the French *savant* was recognized as an arch-heretic; for in 1863 the publication of the "Vie de Jésus" had led to Renan's dismissal from the Chair of Hebrew at the Collège de France. The tone and reception of "Les Apôtres" had not tended to make the author's name a more popular one in centres of religious conventionality. But when in 1867 Matthew Arnold revised and published his lectures under the title of "On the Study of Celtic Literature," not only had the storm a little subsided, but even an Oxford professor may print that in a book which he is not expected to say to his class. But the famous preface of that volume, although it contains many names, does not mention that to which, of all others, it would be expected to refer. In the body of the book the lecturer quotes Villemarqué and Henri Martin amply, but, so far as we can discover, refers to Renan only once, and that in a curiously slighting way.

It might, therefore, be believed that Matthew Arnold was very superficially acquainted with Renan's work in this department, and that the numerous parallelisms between the "Etude" of 1859 and the "On the Study of Celtic Literature" of 1867 were accidental. A remarkably interesting entry, however, in the recently published "Correspondence" throws a different complexion on the matter. It shows that Renan's essay produced a powerful impression on Arnold at a time when, as we gather, the charm of Celtic literature had but vaguely begun to attract his attention. He writes to Mrs. Foster, immediately after a visit to Paris:—

"I thought I would tell you of a Frenchman whom I saw in Paris, Ernest Renan, between whose line of endeavour and my own I imagine there is considerable resemblance. . . . The best book of his for you to read, in all ways, is his 'Essais de Morale et de Critique.' . . . I have read few things for a long time with more pleasure than a long essay with which the book concludes, 'Sur la poésie des races celtiques.' I have long felt that we owed far more, spiritually and artistically, to the Celtic races than the somewhat coarse Germanic intelligence readily perceived."

He proceeds in the same tone, evidently as one in

whom the direct teaching of Renan had awakened a hidden chord, as one deeply stirred by convincing arguments eagerly accepted. This letter is dated 24 December, 1859, the same year in which the "Etudes" were published. Early in 1860 he published in a magazine the poem of "Saint Brandan," the subject of which he certainly borrowed from Renan's essay. The whole tenour and many of the illustrations of his Celtic Lectures prove the deep impression which the French essay had made upon him, yet there is this curious chariness of acknowledgment. We can push this inquiry no further in this place; but we venture to indicate as fitting themes for critical curiosity the indebtedness of Matthew Arnold to the very text of Renan and the causes of his apparent wish to conceal the fact.

THE LIFE OF A CONSPIRATOR.

"The Life of a Conspirator. Being a Biography of Everard Digby, by One of his Descendants." London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co. 1896.

THE humour of Gunpowder Treason and Plot has long struck us more forcibly than its villainy. For some reason or other Guido Faux, "that miner in the infernal regions," as Charles Lamb calls him, has come down to us as a comic character. His effigy used to be dragged through the streets and burnt amid much shouting and hoarse laughter over the "Pope" or "Poor Guy," as he was indifferently called. Now his reputation is fizzling out in a few squibs and crackers, and the glory of the anniversary of the most famous *boutefeu* and firebrand of history has departed for ever.

Who knows or cares anything about the other conspirators in the famous plot? A descendant of Sir Everard Digby's is evidently piqued by the neglect of the serious side of the adventure through which his ancestor lost his life. It seems hard to him that a mere Guy Faux, of no family or pretensions, a tool in the hands of his superiors, should have achieved a lasting fame, while Everard Digby, Knight, of Norman blood and honourable estate, who joined in the conspiracy for conscience's sake, should be unknown and like esteemed. The Descendant, astride of his family dignity, tells poor Guy with some peremptoriness to know his betters. "It is not necessary to my purpose to enter into details concerning Guy Fawkes, who was an adventurer and a mere tool." This reticence is as extraordinary as that of the apocryphal lecturer who opened a lecture on "Hamlet" with the words: "Gentlemen, it does not enter into my scheme to say anything about Hamlet himself." If the Descendant had stooped to record the nice little story of Guy explaining that he wanted the cellar because his wife was coming to London and he required "more coal accommodation," there would have been one gleam of humour in his tedious life of his Conspirator.

As it is, the interest of the book lies in the letters that passed between Lady Digby and Salisbury after her husband's arrest, and in the quotations from the lurid arraignment of the conspirators at the trial. The farcical note which the very mention of Gunpowder Plot strikes in our minds now has a justification for existence in the indictment, and in the speeches of Serjeant Philips and Coke. The indictment states that the prisoners "traiterously did conclude and agree with Gun Powder as it were with one blast suddenly, traiterously and barbarously to blow up and tear in pieces Our Sovereign Lord the King, the Excellent, Virtuous & Gracious Q. Anne, his dearest wife, the most Noble Prince Henry, and the Lords Spiritual & Temporal," &c. &c., "and all of them without any respect of Majesty, Dignity, Degree, Sex, Age or Place most barbarously & more than beastly, traiterously & suddenly to destroy & swallow up." Serjeant Philips took his cue from the indictment, and so far as we can gather anything from his long and laboured harangue, we understand him to have said that this treason was of such monstrous nature "that before now the Tongue of Man never delivered, the Ear of Man never heard, the Heart of Man never conceived, nor the Malice of Hellish or

Earthly Devil never practised." How monstrous was it to murder and subvert "such a King, such a Queen, such a Prince, such a Progeny, such a State, such a Government, so compleat and absolute, that God approves, the World admires, all English hearts honour and reverence, the Pope and his Disciples onely envies and maligns." All of which only proves that Serjeant Philips was intimately acquainted with the phraseology of Bottom's Dream, and that James I. was present at the trial *incognito*.

The Descendant of Digby cannot disguise his strong Catholic leanings. He thinks it hard that for centuries his co-religionists' reputation for loyalty should have suffered through a conspiracy which they were the first to condemn. But it is after all only natural that the common people should have held that the whole Roman Catholic body was responsible for a plot the money for which was furnished by Roman Catholic gentry. The superstition was incorporated in a ballad:—

"Good People I pray you give ear unto me,
A story so strange you have never been told,
How the Jesuit, Devil, and Pope did agree
Our State to destroy and Religion so old,
To murder our King,
A most horrible thing," &c.

The Descendant does not clear the Jesuits of a *knowledge* of the foolish design, and their participation in it has never been accepted by historians, so his brief for the College is wholly superfluous. When he is concerned with the motives of Sir Everard in joining the conspirators he proves him to have been a weak impressionable creature of little manliness or courage; and the reproduction of his portrait which accompanies the book confirms that impression of his character. The face is shifty and the whole attitude indecisive. The baffling task of origination of the Plot belongs to Catesby—the adventurous and fiery side of it to Guido Faux. Sir Everard Digby gave money, arms, horses, and his life with the generosity of an irresponsible child.

PEPYS AND "DEB."

"The Diary of Samuel Pepys." Edited, with Additions, by Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A. Vol. VIII. London: George Bell & Sons. 1896.

WE congratulate Mr. Wheatley on the conclusion of a task which could have been no easy one. The volume before us is the eighth and last of his elaborate edition of the famous Diary. The period comprised in it is from 1 May, 1668, to 31 May, 1669, when Pepys made his last entry—a characteristic one:—"Thence to 'The World's End,' a drinking house by the Park, and there merry, and so home late," sadly adding, "and thus ends all that I doubt I shall ever be able to do with my own eyes in the keeping of my Journal, I being not able to do it any longer, having done now so long as to undo my eyes almost every time that I take a pen in my hand." He feared, indeed, that he was going blind. Happily, his fears were not realized; but, though he lived many years, he never resumed his "shorthand" Diary.

To those who find amusement in poor Pepys's frailties this volume will present particular attractions. It may be called the tragedy of "Deb." "Deb." is its central figure, and "Deb." haunts the year of which it is the record. The sad story may be sketched in outline. It seems that on 25 October, 1668, Mr. Pepys was having his hair combed by one of his servant maids, the said Deb. as he calls her—this operation being rendered necessary on account of a terrible catastrophe, which had occasioned both himself and Mrs. Pepys much trouble, but which need not be specified—when he so far forgot himself as to kiss Deb. Mrs. Pepys unhappily surprised him in the very act. What followed may be guessed by all who are acquainted with that lady's temper. Her revenge exhibited a curious mixture of subtlety and simplicity. Its subtlety took the form of assuring him, for the purpose of vexing him, "that she was a Roman Catholic and had received the Holy Sacrament." Of this, however, Mr. Pepys, very foolishly, "took no notice," and then revenge took a simpler form. She allowed him no sleep, "causing a candle to

be lighted to burn by her all night in the chimney while she ranted." She talked at him all day, calling him "a dog and a rogue," and telling him that "he had a rotten heart." And this went on for some weeks. At last matters came to a climax. "About one o'clock one morning she came to my side of the bed and drew my curtaine open and with tongs red hot at the ends made as if she did design to pinch me with them." Upon that Mr. Pepys not unnaturally became very alarmed. But on assuring her that he had not seen "Deb." since that unhappy young person's dismissal—which was, it seems, quite true—the lady's rage abated. How he really "knew nothing of Deb. nor what she do, nor what becomes of her, though God knows that my devil that is within me do wish that I could"—how he afterwards met Deb. by accident and then frequently by appointment; how the hieroglyphics grew more and more numerous and suspicious; how his conscience waxed alternately callous and sensitive when he thinks of the deception he is practising on his poor wife—all this may be read at length in the Diary. For the rest, this volume is not so entertaining as its predecessors, as might be anticipated by the time covered by it, which, having itself little distinction, lies just between two periods of exceptional interest.

We are very unwilling to find fault with Mr. Wheatley as an editor; but we think, considering the importance of the work, and the fact that Lord Braybrooke's notes have so much lightened the labours of a commentator, he might have been more thorough. It requires no very profound acquaintance with the dramatic literature of those times to know that "The Usurper" (p. 170) was a tragedy by Edward Howard, and that Pepys's reference to what was designed to resemble Cromwell is a reference to the character of Damocles in that play; that "The Mad Lover" (p. 233) is a tragi-comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher; that "She Would if She Could" (p. 217) is a comedy by Etheridge, and that "The Mock Astrologer" is merely another title for "An Evening's Love," a comedy adapted by Dryden from Corneille and Molière; that "The Guardian"—that was called "Cutter of Coleman Street"—was a comedy by Cowley. In not specifying the character of Whetstones Park (p. 155), to which poor Deb. retreated, an unhappily significant point is missed. A note was certainly needed on the "Quo Warranto" referred to in the entry of 20 January, 1668. Occasionally Mr. Wheatley falls into serious errors. In a note on page 20 we are told that "Dryden has finely drawn the character of Sir Heneage Finch in the poem of 'Absalom and Achitophel,' under the character of Amri." Dryden has drawn no such character at all. The character of Amri is in the second part of "Absalom and Achitophel," and was drawn by Tate, and drawn by Tate *more suo*, after a fashion which is anything but "fine." But enough of fault-finding in an editor whose merits so much outweigh his defects. We are glad to hear that a ninth volume, containing a paper on the London of Pepys's time, a map of that London, with an elaborate index and appendices, will shortly appear, and complete a work which will, no doubt, long remain the standard edition of one of the most entertaining writers in our language.

CHILDISH THINGS.

"The Child: its Spiritual Nature." By H. K. Lewis. London: Macmillan & Co. 1896.

THERE is no subject which requires such delicacy of treatment as the psychology of children. A man must be a rare fellow, and a poet and a humourist, and a trained and patient observer, and a philosopher, and something beyond all this, something perhaps of a saint, if he is not to fail disastrously when he generalizes about such a theme. He must be bold and subtle, versed in the thoughts of past generations, and must be equally at home in the frankest actuality and in the most imaginative realm of mystery. In a word, he must have a child's own heart combined with the wisest of heads, or else he will gush vulgarly, and theorize coarsely and meanly. Mr. Lewis is the author of "Songs

for Little Singers in the Sunday School and Home," and because of the suburban celebrity of that distressing venture, he has now rushed in to contemplate the spiritual aspect of the little Dissenters among whom he dwells. Specimens of the children studied are given in one photograph which depicts three coarse mouthed little British Philistines sitting on rugs in their best sashes and tuckers, their feet portentously enlarged, and another of a little podgy male developing from a prehensile-footed sorrowful infant to a flabby and frocked child, and so into a hydrocephalous schoolboy. These may be very properly the idols of parental love. Mr. Lewis's heart may swell with pardonable pride to observe them capering naked in the bedroom at bath-time. The foolish little sayings of "Mabel aged five" or "Babs at two-and-a-half" may be fondly and rightly treasured up. It is not surprising that they thought "mamma" to be omniscient, that they asked why God did not make all men good, or that they wondered whether fowls laid bacon. But it is an excess of parental zest to enshrine the little blockheads in print, and to mingle the pointless anecdotes of their tardy development with the hackneyed anecdotes of Dr. Johnson, Macaulay, and Mozart. *Et nos homines*. We have all—or most of us—got prodigies of our own begetting, who play at preaching, spin tops, and quote books of nonsense; but most of us have the sense not to bore our friends, still less the public, with vapid stories of their little puerilities, interspersed with moral reflections about reaping whirlwinds or endangering humility, and with philosophic reflections that "evolution and heredity are not by any means opposed to one another." Again, the conclusions arrived at are that a child's faculties are evolved in this order: the musical, the artistic (music not being an art, you see), the metaphysical or abstract, the mathematical, and, "as some add, 5. Wit and humour." Most of the little singers, no doubt, have their development arrested when they reach long division. Having reached this luminous point in his conclusions, Mr. Lewis rushes briefly through time and space to inquire how Greek, Roman, Japanese, Malay, or other babes are treated, according to cribs, missionary reports, and the like, and he then falls with fury upon the Christian Church for insisting upon the incompleteness of the individual *per se* to attain perfection. What! are not Tommy and Tottie sweet, perfect, ideal, self-contained little divinities? he asks, with a sort of maternal fury. Do these beloved brats need to cast out the original Adam of the separated life, and to be born of water and of the Holy Ghost? It never strikes the good man that Tommy is like an acorn, capable of growing into much, but requiring to be planted in a possible site. No! to him Tommy and Tottie are fixed entities, to be adored without spanking, not only by their foolish parents, but by the whole circle of their possible acquaintances. This maudlin and sentimental view of our offspring is to be found in the halting hymns of the Rev. Newman Hall and similar writers; and Dr. Watts is the mark of such people's hate and scorn, in so far as they know about him. But if Dr. Watts sounds harsh to any man, let him read the dreary nonsense of Mr. Henry King Lewis, and he will be grateful for any principles which will save us from such childish things.

TWO CAMPAIGNS.

"Two Campaigns: Madagascar and Ashantee." By Bennet Burleigh, Correspondent to the "Daily Telegraph." Illustrated. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1896.

IT had been long obvious that France, dispossessed in 1812 of the islands in the Indian Ocean, which under the names of Mauritius and Réunion, and France and Bourbon, she had used with splendid effect as bases of her operations against the British traders to India, would seek to gain a counterweight by endeavouring to take possession of Madagascar. The idea had long nestled in the minds of her successive rulers. They waited only for a favourable opportunity. At last Republican France deemed the pear to be ripe, ready to fall into her mouth without opposition or even

remonstrance from any of her European rivals. She stopped not to consider that the game she was contemplating was a game she had often played before, and always to her ultimate discomfiture. The fate of India, of Canada, of the Isles of France and Bourbon, might have warned her to hesitate. The history of those countries and of the West Indies is the history of conquests made by France to be surrendered in due time to Great Britain. But France is seldom in the humour to pause when the opportunity offers to make a flare-up before the world. Towards the close of 1894 she was ready to strike the decisive blow, and in the following year she struck it.

How she struck it; how, surmounting all difficulties, and urging pretext after pretext, she conquered Madagascar, Mr. Bennet Burleigh tells, and tells well, in the volume before us. But even Mr. Burleigh, a tried war-correspondent, accustomed to surprises, cannot restrain the expression of his wonder at her action. "The courage of the Frenchman," he writes in his second chapter, "is astounding. Undaunted by the lopping of provinces at home and a stationary population, he feared not to undertake the conquest and colonization of Madagascar, a country far larger than France." Yes; but the Frenchman represents the only nationality that goes to war for an idea. He remembers not that he possesses the genius of colonization in a degree inferior even to that of the German. Time will show how illusory are the hopes he still entertains regarding the uses to which his new conquest may be put. The venture, we believe, stands condemned to failure. Madagascar will not, in time of war, prove, even as a basis for adventure, a second Isle of France. To succeed commercially will cost France as many of her children as a similar attempt cost her in the time of Louis XIV. Well may the author express his surprise at her boldness, though with the examples of French Eastern enterprises before him it is strange that he should wonder.

As to the book itself, we can only congratulate Mr. Burleigh on the manner in which he has told the story. It is an interesting tale, related with animation and abounding in vivacious details. The French had, indeed, some difficulties before them, but they were scarcely of the nature to overcome which heroes are necessary. The contest was the oft-told contest of comparative civilization against comparative barbarism, and it ended in the manner in which such contests always end. The book is less a history of warlike deeds than an interesting account of an unwarlike race who succumbed to an enemy who had no right to attack them, but who was resolved to secure beforehand a resting-place for his ships and his soldiers in the possible event of his engaging in hostilities with Great Britain. Great Britain, we can assure him, does not grudge him his conquest.

The second part of Mr. Burleigh's book is devoted to King Prempeh and the expedition to Ashantee. We live so quickly that the war and the expedition have already passed from the memories of men. The most striking fact in connexion with it is the contrast it offers to the earlier expedition of Lord Wolseley. Then we had foes to conquer; real difficulties to overcome. On this occasion our only enemy was the climate—a climate to be feared, for it lost us one of the most promising of our officers, and thus cast a gloom over an expedition otherwise little more than a "walk-over." The volume is profusely and charmingly illustrated.

LOCAL HISTORIES.

"How to Write the History of a Parish." By J. Charles Cox, LL.D., F.S.A. London: Bemrose. 1896.

"Sutton in Holderness." By Thomas Blashill. Hull: Andrews. 1896.

"Whitchurch, Oxon." By Rev. John Slatter. London: Stock. 1896.

EVERY parish must now have its historian. It is well, therefore, that we should all be instructed in the art of writing a parochial history. Dr. Cox undertakes to teach us, and his little book may be recommended as giving the would-be student a good

start. It was originally published at the instance of some clergy of the diocese of Lincoln, who appear to have made good use of it, if we may judge by the fact that the edition before us is the fourth. Dr. Cox sets his views forth in twelve chapters, together with one by way of introduction and another on general topics. The first named tells us how to consult Somerset House, the Public Record Office, and other London collections. Lambeth is the only London library of primary importance that is open to the public in the fullest sense of the word. The Guildhall Library is not less generous in its arrangements. Dr. Cox makes no mention of the libraries of the Inns of Court, having probably been repulsed from their doors under some recent regulations of a dog-in-the-manger kind. These libraries were formerly very liberal in their treatment of students. The Bodleian, at Oxford, has a very good reputation in this respect, and an inquirer has a good chance of finding what he wants. It is different at Cambridge; but Dr. Cox consoles the disappointed applicant by saying that "the Cambridge MSS. are not nearly so numerous nor so interesting to the local annalist as those of Oxford." Dr. Cox mentions the best local museums, some of which are of great archaeological value, everything depending on the arrangement. The Pipe Rolls, the Close Rolls, the Fine Rolls, and other gatherings of the kind are described. These lists of authorities are very useful and time-saving, and will enable the student to come ready equipped to his work. We do not observe that Dr. Cox lays down anywhere those brief rules on which the late Mr. Green and Professor Freeman always insisted. Parochial history is closely bound up with manorial. When you have the church look over the churchyard wall for the manor-house. We are glad to see the emphatic way in which Dr. Cox protests against "restoration," as it has been practised during the past fifty years. "The average English church restorer," he observes truly, "be he parson, layman, or even architect, is still so deficient in knowledge as to blunder to the conclusion that it is highly correct to strip the place to its bones. Even architects who can add R.A. and F.S.A. to their names have been guilty of this barbarism within the last few years." The whole of this passage should be studied and laid to heart by any clergyman or squire who is minded to "grimthorpe" his church. What we miss in Dr. Cox's book is that grasp of his subject which enables a man to lay down general rules. It is not enough to tell us what library to seek for particular records. We want to know what to expect to find under certain headings. We need not search in "Domesday" for ecclesiastical information.

If we look at Mr. Blashill's book we see at once how much he has gone beyond Dr. Cox's instructions. Mr. Blashill has taken it in hand to narrate for us the history of a manor and parish which has been so overshadowed by its great neighbour, Kingston-upon-Hull, that it has been in danger of a measure of oblivion. But Sutton may boast that she was where she is before Hull came and sat down beside her; and she can show remains of antiquity far older and more important than any in the larger town. Mr. Blashill commences systematically with the geographical names and their meaning. In Holderness, in prehistoric times, "the tall Irish elk stalked over the land and the fallow deer, forerunners of mankind." The most ancient inhabitants of the eastern slopes of the Yorkshire wolds lived in a dreary region, "for the most part neither navigable water nor firm shore, impassable except by voyaging from holm to holm during the brief periods of the highest spring tides." The Isle of Holderness had its Castle Hill, "which is the most ancient evidence" now existing of the primeval inhabitants. The Romans left few traces of their presence in the Isle: but five centuries before the Norman Conquest the Angles settled here, and their little clusters of farmsteads occupied all the more eligible sites on the higher ground. Mr. Blashill carefully analyses what "Domesday" has to tell us about Holderness. The Isle "escaped the ruin which had fallen on more prominent places in the north." Its remoteness and its obscurity would be its best protection, and Sutton enters creditably on the page of history, and is soon furnished with a lord to the manor and a priest to the church. The same family

held Sutton until the reign of Richard II. A portion of it then went to a co-heiress and her descendants of the family of Hastings. "The church stands within a considerable area of land anciently enclosed," says Mr. Blashill; "a large house which stood upon a part of this land, to the eastward of the church, was known from the fifteenth to the end of the eighteenth century as the Hastings Manor House, and this land was undoubtedly the site of the chief house and homestead of the owner or occupier of the berewic." As for this berewic, and for its connexion with the Lord Hastings of Shakspearian celebrity, so summarily put to death in the Tower of London by Richard III., we may refer the reader to the pages of Mr. Blashill, as well as for some new, and apparently accurate, light on the difficult questions which relate to the Sutton pedigree. His book is thoroughly well done, and is full of interesting material, offered in a most unpretending way.

The number of places in England called Sutton is very considerable, exceeding the number of Whitechurches by about fifty. Yet there are at least a dozen of this later designation. Mr. Blashill may, perhaps, claim that his Sutton in Holderness is the chief and original of all Suttons, the cradle whence sprang a race which under the Tudors lost as many heads as any other families. Whitechurch is not so distinguished; Canon Slatter makes out a very good case for it as deserving a place for itself, if not a very large one, in parochial history. He has followed the good models we have indicated, and we have Whitechurch geographically and Whitechurch in documentary history. Domesday and its record is followed by the history of the manor, which, like Wallingford and other estates on the Thames, was held by the "Fair Maid of Kent," the widow of the Black Prince and mother of Richard II. The parish, never very remarkable, has never been exactly obscure, and being situated in part across the Thames, stood both in Oxfordshire and in Berkshire. The two parts of the parish are now divided, but the church, which is on the Oxfordshire side, is near the water and well known to boating people. Like Streety, Goring, and other nearly adjoining buildings, Whitechurch has been "restored," and presents now no features of interest. Canon Slatter has made the most of his task and has well commemorated his incumbency of the rectory of St. Mary.

FICTION.

- "Your Money or Your Life." By Edith Carpenter. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. 1896.
 "In Scarlet and Grey." By Florence Henniker; and "The Spectre of the Real." By Thomas Hardy and Florence Henniker. London: John Lane. 1896.
 "Paddy's Woman." By Humphrey James. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1896.
 "An Unconventional Girl." By L. Rossi. London: Lawrence & Bullen. 1896.

"YOUR Money or Your Life" is full of fun, and teems with frankly preposterous situations, such as the termination of a murder-trial in America in the marriage of the prisoner and two of the witnesses by the presiding judge. All the humour in the book is not boisterous, however, but sometimes very delicately farcical, as in the Strephon and Chloe scene at the beginning, where Janet gives her backward lover an object lesson in courtship. Always far-fetched, the story is never crude, and, at its wildest, should satisfy those who are fond of an uncritical laugh.

"In Scarlet and Grey" is a series of sketches, readable enough, but steeped in what strikes one at times as a somewhat laborious pessimism. One imagines the author as akin to the man who, as recorded by Boswell, tried to be a philosopher, but, much to his disgust, found that "cheerfulness would keep breaking through." There is a lively cynicism in the style, and nearly every tale has a well-thought-out plot of its own. The last one, in which Mr. Hardy collaborates, naturally swamps the others a little, though we fancy we light at times on traces of his having held his hand and kept back his thunderbolts from a sense of proportion. The *dénouement*, where the deceived bridegroom shoots himself on the morning after his wedding-day, has the old

touch. It is dangerous to affect an ostentatious discrimination. Otherwise we should feel inclined to quote sundry pieces where the joins of the patchwork appear to us to show conspicuously.

"Paddy's Woman" is quite surprisingly humorous and clever. Its only fault is that it is occasionally sly and subtle to the point of mystification. We have found it impossible to follow the thread of the story in some places. Where understandable it is delicious, saturated with the lovable and inconsequent side of Paddy. Books like this show clearly the occult reason for the existence of Ireland; it lives to lighten our literature and to counteract Mr. Crockett, lest the reader (not to mention the reviewer) should perish untimely of a reluctantly acquired high moral tone.

"An Unconventional Girl" has a heroine whom we have for some time past taken as a type of the conventional in fiction. She begins as an untidy child, poring over fairy tales in a garret to the despair of her maiden aunts, develops into a schoolgirl with a taste for erotic poetry, passes through a somewhat curious love affair, and ends as a famous novelist. Given a little girl who gets thoroughly dirty and neglects the nursery tea for fairy tales, you will always find a famous novelist in the long run. Cleanliness would appear to be next to godliness in its unsuitability to the modern heroine of this particular type.

"Three Men and a God." By Lieutenant-Colonel N. Newnham-Davis. London: Downey & Co. 1896.

"The Witch of Withyford." By Gratiana Chanter. London: J. M. Dent & Co. 1896.

"Three Men and a God" is not a theological dilemma, but the first in a collection of very fairly vigorous and vivid short stories dealing chiefly with India—the New India of Mr. Kipling, fascinating and sympathetic, peopled with Homeric heroes in the guise of subalterns and sergeants, and full of that nameless horror in the air which is the unspoken hatred of East for West. How far we have got from the old days of the East India Company and the pagoda-tree is very strikingly shown in the capital sketch, "A Modern Rajah." The picture of the ultra-civilized and cultured man, with a cynical suggestion of *pose* in his diamonds and white satin trappings, is one that makes an impression. All the stories strike one as the work of a quick and sensitive observer. If the style is sometimes undeniably Kipling-inspired, there is every excuse for Colonel Newnham-Davis. The same ground has been gone over exhaustively before he touched it, and that he can get a new interest and a new "creep" out of it is high praise for him.

"The Witch of Withyford" is a quaint little tale of superstition in the Devonshire of half a century ago. It forms one volume of Mr. Dent's dainty little "Iris" Series, and is illustrated by the author.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Lord Hever." By Percy Hulburd. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1896.

MR. PERCY HULBURD possesses a certain power which is not too often met with in novelists, though it is no rarity among the rest of the world. He can sketch the past history of his characters, the history of their ancestors, of this strange grandfather or that odd aunt. He is, in fact, an adept in family history; he is interested in it himself, and can convey his interest to his readers. We imagine he would be at his best on winter evenings at the fireside when a story was called for; a story proper would not be forthcoming, but he would keep his listeners engrossed with short character-sketches of everybody's relatives, how they came to marry the person they finally did marry, why they lived away in that old country house, and what became of their daughters. As we have said, this is not by any means a rare power, indeed every woman over fifty possesses it, and when a mother or an aunt has for our delectation and her own turned some family inside out, we are apt sometimes to wonder why she could not write a novel on a subject which is so engrossing and with which she is so enviably familiar. But if she puts pen to paper she fails just where Mr. Hulburd fails. She can tell you a tale of a man's life, she knows the tragedy that marred it, and can tell it you in so many words; she can even present you with a vivid picture of his personality; but it is all an affair of telling, of description; she cannot show her characters in action, leaving them to play out their drama before our eyes. She takes the part of

the lightning delineator, here and there allowing us a glimpse of reality as from a cinematograph; she cannot work a marionette show. There is apparently no limit to the number of personalities Mr. Hulburd can launch; but once afloat they refuse to move. In order to set one in motion, he will float another and another; but there they all lie, an interesting fleet, duly named and registered with their tonnage and the quality of their guns, waiting for the divine breath, and waiting in vain. If he had done nothing more than tell about his hero's uncle or his married life with his first wife, and so on, he would have presented us with a sort of navy list—an interesting production certainly; but he has called us out to see the manoeuvres, and we doubt whether we should be able to keep a very attentive eye on a spectacle so motionless, if it were not that he is continually drawing our attention away by accounts of the actions in which his vessels have been previously engaged. In order to introduce some movement, he flies to that last resource of the uninteresting—namely, a plot, and by plot, of course, we mean the machinations of a plotting character. In spite of all the great examples that apparently count on the other side, a plot is a great bore. First of all, the number of persons in the world who plot on any large scale is very small; the novelists have made them out of all proportion. Secondly, the plots of the plotter are not much more interesting than the deals of an outside broker or the frame-maker's bills of a painter; it is the plotter's character, his turn of mind, his point of view, his outlook on life that we want to see; we don't care particularly to hear exactly what he does. And, thirdly, and above all, though we are willing enough to have a plotter as an odd character in a book, we do not want his plots to be the motive power of the drama. It is, however, only fair to add that Mr. Hulburd is not a good hand at a plot. His moves and counter-moves are indistinct—we really do not know what they are all about.

"Love Fugue." By Jon. B. Frost. Atlanta, U.S.A. and London: the Roxburghe Press. 1896.

We hear so much of the peculiarity, or the attempt at peculiarity, which is supposed to be a leading characteristic of contemporary fiction, that it is quite a pleasure to meet with an odd story. "Love Fugue" is certainly odd and purposely odd. Not that Mr. Jonathan B. Frost said to himself, "Now I could write a simple comprehensible story if I liked; but I just won't, I will be odd, I will make people sit up." It is more likely that he felt an honest shrinking from the bareness of his story, a dread of being ridiculous and commonplace. The desire to hide what appears childish or bald in some sort of intellectual dress is an English and German failing, unknown to the obvious Frenchman and the unconscious Russian. "Light the gas" and "What's the time?" can hardly be put down as idiomatic English, and the majority of educated persons would only bring out such expressions with the shame-faced effort a schoolboy reveals when he substitutes "child" for "kid"—they find it easier to "throw some light on the subject" and to inquire about "the witching hour" or "the enemy." Mr. Frost is not facetious; but his oddness is due to the same failing. What his story would be like if it were told straight out none can say; for the author has used the indirect and lofty style with some success. It appears that there are two women and an aunt, though it is just possible that all three are the same person; for he shrinks from anything so bald as a name. The hero is "He," or "I," or "the Lover," and his doings are wrapped in a fine mist, lest, perhaps, we should be troubled by a suspicion of where he is or how he came to be there, to whom he is writing a letter, or whether he is writing one at all. Mr. Frost's style, too, is modelled after the most conscious and intellectual fashion:—"Such marble was his soul for retention, however, that his temporary destination was attributable to nothing other than the mental image he carried of an old stereoscopic view dropped to him as a lad by a sombre visitor for a week in his father's house." If all Mr. Frost's sentences were as sprightly as this, something might be said for his method; but unfortunately it is an almost solitary example, and he is generally dull where he is comprehensible. It is an uncomfortable confession to make, but "Love Fugue" may fairly be given over as a prey to the plain man. The best that the most determinedly unplain man could say of it would be an echo of what has probably been written in some Atlanta newspaper—"unique." Not every day do we meet with an author who can stir a good solid paste of American bombast with a Meredithian spoon, and spice it with scraps that might have come from a translation of *Æschylus*. There is, for instance, a choruslike savour in "hovering here she hatched a brood of woes perhaps wingless."

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

THE October musical monthlies are anything rather than remarkable. The "Musical Times," of course, comes in an easy first in the matter of dullness. The best thing in it is an article by Mr. Frederic Corder on Richard Wagner's methods—for Mr. Edwards's disquisition on "Bach's Music in England" is useful to the future historian rather than interesting to the present reader. The interminable supply of the

driest sawdust entitled "From my Study" runs on still, and will run on probably until the sands of Time cease to run; an article on "The Italian Career" defies the toughest reader; Mr. Bennett, as usual, spins a goodly portion of his "Facts, Rumours and Remarks" from the mistakes of provincial reporters and the misprints of provincial newspapers—topics which never tire him, even if his readers most heartily wish that provincial newspapers, provincial reporters, and Mr. Bennett—we almost said provincial Mr. Bennett—had never been heard of. The concert-reporting is well done, and some of the reviews of new music are conspicuous for their fairness. The "Strand Musical Magazine" contains a neat biographical sketch of Bizet by Mr. Arthur Herve, an interview with Miss Clara Butt, a useful article on Accompanying by Mr. George H. Clutsum, and a story which we have not attempted to read. The music is, of course, the principal feature, and we must admit that it alone is, in its sort, an admirable sixpennyworth. The "Magazine of Music" scarcely compares with the "Strand Musical," for though there is more letterpress, none of it reaches a very high level, and the music, consisting largely of an arrangement of airs from that stale old opera "Martha" and of pieces by Mr. Walter Barnett, seems to be an attempt at popularity without the actual attainment. "Melody" is a remarkably cheap selection of popular vocal and instrumental pieces. The "Musical Herald" contains a most engrossing interview with Mr. Henry Davey, the author of that valuable book, "A History of English Music." Mr. Davey brings distinct charges of dishonesty—such as misquotation, wilful perversion of obvious meaning—against writers in the "Guardian" and the "Musical Times." He complains that these charges have never been met; but we fail to see that he has any ground for complaint, for surely the public will conclude that the charges cannot be met. The "Musical Record" contains amongst a variety of interesting things an article on Musical London in the 'Fifties and one on the late Ouseby by that distinguished and able critic Mr. J. S. Shedlock.

THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

- Adventures of My Life, The, 2 vols. (Henri Rochefort), Arnold, 25s.
 Among the Menabe (G. H. Smith), Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 1s. 6d.
 Annual Story Book, The (A. Lang), Longmans, 6s.
 Architecture in Italy (Raffaele Cattaneo), Unwin, 21s.
 Arctic Night, The (Roger Pocock), Chapman & Hall, 1s.
 Atlantic Monthly, The (October).
 Australia, Natural History of (F. G. Afalo), Macmillan, 6s.
 Baconiana.
 Below the Salt (C. E. Raimond), William Heinemann, 6s.
 Black and Blue (Ascott R. Hope), A. & C. Black, 5s.
 Book of Scoundrels, A (Charles Whibley), William Heinemann, 7s. 6d.
 Boy's Own Annual, The, Religious Tract Society.
 Bridal March and One Day, The (B. Björnson), William Heinemann.
 Camps, Quarters, and Casual Places (A. Forbes), Macmillan, 7s. 6d.
 Cardinal Manning (Stanley Roamer), Elliot Stock.
 Century Magazine, The (May—October), Macmillan.
 Church Services and Service Books (H. B. Swete), Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 4s.
 Dorcas Hobday (Charles Rokeby), Longmans, 6s.
 Electro-Chemistry (Max le Blanc), Macmillan, 6s.
 Elements of General Philosophy (G. C. Robertson), John Murray, 3s. 6d.
 Elements of Psychology (G. C. Robertson), John Murray, 3s. 6d.
 English History, Essays on (Lord Macaulay), Blackie.
 Fifty Luncheons (A. Kenny Herbert), Arnold, 2s. 6d.
 Following of Christ (C. L. Marson), Elliot Stock.
 For Freedom's Sake (Arthur Pearson), Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co., 6s.
 Francis Orpen Morris: a Memoir (M. C. F. Morris), J. C. Nimmo.
 From Dawn to Dusk (Geo. Milner), J. E. Cornish.
 Gaston de Latour (W. Pater), Macmillan, 7s. 6d.
 Genius and Degeneration (Dr. William Hirsch), William Heinemann, 17s.
 Gentleman's Magazine Library (G. L. Gomme), Elliot Stock, 7s. 6d.
 Geographical Journal (October).
 Geology, Elementary (G. S. Boulger), Collins, Son, & Co., 1s. 6d.
 Gil Blas of Saint Illana, 4 vols. (H. Van Laun), Lippincott, 10s.
 Girl's Own Annual, The, Religious Tract Society.
 Gorillas and Chimpanzees (R. L. Garner), Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co., 12s. 6d.
 Gospel in Brief, The (Count Tolstoi), Walter Scott.
 Gospel of the Kingdom, The, Elliot Stock.
 Green Arras (Laurence Housman), John Lane, 5s.
 Grey Man, The (S. R. Crockett), T. Fisher Unwin, 6s.
 Harbour Light, A (C. E. Mallandaine), Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 2s.
 His First Year at School (Alfred West), Unwin, 5s.
 History of the Protestant Reformation (W. Cobbett), Art and Book Co., 2s.
 Humanitarian, The (October).
 Impressions and Experiences (W. D. Howells), David Douglas.
 Inn by the Shore, The (Florence Warden), Jarrold & Sons.
 Ireland (R. Barry O'Brien), Unwin, 2s. 6d.
 Jack at Sea (G. Manville Fenn), Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 5s.
 Jack Stapleton (Claud Harding), Sampson Low.
 Japhet in Search of a Father (Captain Marryatt), Routledge & Sons, 3s. 6d.
 Jewish Life in the Middle Ages (I. Abrahams), Macmillan, 7s. 6d.
 John Ellerton (H. Housman), Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 5s.
 Journal of the Royal Statistical Society (September), Stanford.
 Lady's Realm, The (October).
 Land o' the Leal (D. Lyall), Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.
 Law and Quarterly Review (October).
 Lectures of Adam Smith (Edwin Cannan), Clarendon Press, 10s. 6d.
 Leisure Hour, The, Religious Tract Society.
 Life and Letters of Samuel Butler, 1790-1840, 2 vols. (by his grandson, Samuel Butler), John Murray, 24s.
 Light of Melanesia (H. H. Montgomery), Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 3s. 6d.
 Lippincott's Magazine (October), Lippincott & Co.
 Manchester, Old and New, 3 vols. (W. A. Shaw), Cassell, 31s. 6d.
 Maris Stella (M. C. Balfour), John Lane, 3s. 6d.
 Method of S. Sulpice, Griffith, Farran, & Co.
 Miscellanea (J. H. Ewing), Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.
 Musa Piscatrix (John Buchan), John Lane, 5s.
 My Brother (Vincent Brown), John Lane, 2s.
 Notes on Perusing Titles (Lewis E. Emmett), Jordan & Sons.
 Other House, The, 2 vols. (Henry James), William Heinemann.
 Oxford Characters (Will Rothenstein), John Lane.
 Pall Mall Magazine (October).
 People's Banks (H. W. Wolff), King & Son, 10s.
 Posies out of Rings (W. T. Peters), John Lane, 2s. 6d.
 Rada (Vacaresco and Sarmento), Fisher Unwin, 1s. 6d.
 Rape of Lucrece, The (Israel Gollancz), Dent & Co., 1s.
 Revenge (Robert Barr), Chatto & Windus, 6s.
 Revue Internationale (October).
 Rogue's March, The (E. W. Hornung), Cassell & Co.
 Romance of the Sea, The (Fred. Whympster), Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 5s.
 Rottenness (Robt. Pocock), Neville Beeman, 2s. 6d.
 St. Nicholas, Vol. XXIII., Part II., Macmillan.
 Savoy, The (October).
 Sophocles (Ajax), (R. C. Jebb), Cambridge University Press, 12s. 6d.
 Story of Hannah, The (W. J. Dawson), Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.
 Strand Magazine, The (October), George Newnes, Limited.
 Strand Musical Magazine, The (October), George Newnes, Limited.
 Summers and Wintersat Balmawhapple (John Skelton), Blackwood, 10s.
 Sunday at Home, The, Religious Tract Society.
 Tales of Ind (T. Ramakrishna), Unwin, 3s. 6d.
 Temptation of Ernest Ellerby, The (F. L. Farmer), Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 3s.
 Ugly Idol (Claud Nicholson), John Lane, 3s. 6d.
 Under Quicken Boughs (Nora Hopper), John Lane, 5s.
 Veitch, John: A Memoir (Mary R. L. Bryce), Blackwoods, 7s. 6d.
 Venus and Adonis (Israel Gollancz), Dent & Co., 1s.
 Walt Whitman, Reminiscences of (W. S. Kennedy), Alexander Gardner.
 Well at the World's End, The, 2 vols. (Wm. Morris), Longmans, 28s.
 What Cheer (W. Clark Russell), Cassell & Co., 6s.
 Windsor Magazine (October).

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

NOTICE.—The price of back numbers of the SATURDAY REVIEW, except those of the current Volume, is ONE SHILLING each.

THE UNITED STATES.

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The SATURDAY REVIEW may be had in Paris every Saturday from Messrs. BOYVEAU & CHEVILLET, 22 Rue de la Banque (near the Bourse), where also Subscriptions are received. Copies are likewise obtainable at Messrs. GALIGNANI'S, 224 Rue de Rivoli; at Le KIOSQUE DUPERRON, Boulevard des Capucines, and Le KIOSQUE MICHEL, Boulevard des Capucines.

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DIRECTORS' REPORT FOR THE YEAR ENDING APRIL 30, 1896.

Gentlemen,—Your Directors beg to submit their Second Annual Report, with audited Balance Sheet made up to April 30, 1896.

FINANCIAL.—A detailed statement of all expenditures is given in the Balance Sheet. It will be seen that the Company's working capital of £75,000 has been expended, and that it has received advances amounting to £25,965 17s. 3d. from Messrs. H. Eckstein & Co., towards the completion of its equipment. This extra expenditure was caused by equipping the Mine on a larger scale than was at first intended, owing to the width and values of the reefs having exceeded previous expectations.

LONDON COMMITTEE.—A London Committee was appointed after the formation of the Company, and this Committee has since been authorized to issue share warrants to bearer.

DEVELOPMENT.—Annexed is the Manager's Report, which gives full details concerning the progress of development on the Company's property, and of the assay value of the reefs so far opened up.

DIRECTORS.—In terms of the Articles of Association of the Company, all your Directors retire, but are eligible, and offer themselves for re-election.

AUDITORS.—You are requested to fix the remuneration of the Auditors for the past twelve months, and to appoint fresh Auditors for the present year.

F. ECKSTEIN, *Chairman.*
E. BIRKENRUTH.

Johannesburg, August 1, 1896.

JOHANNESBURG, APRIL 30, 1896.

To the Board of Directors of Bonanza, Limited, Johannesburg.

Gentlemen,—Following my report of last year, and with the intention of now recording the Company's progress to date, I would remind you that operations for the exploitation of your property were initiated on May 1, 1894, in the shape of a vertical shaft to cut through the Main Reef series, from there to be turned on the incline of the Main Reef and carried down through the centre of the property.

This measure has been carried out, and to May 1, 1896, the shaft has been sunk vertical to a depth of 680 feet, and then turned and carried down on the incline of the Main Reef to a total depth of 873 feet.

DEVELOPMENT.—The development of the Mine is effected by three levels, driven out from this shaft to the eastern and western boundaries of the property at 555 feet, 660 feet, and 700 feet vertical respectively.

Above the 2nd Level (and vertical portion of the shaft) there are developed and ready for stoping—

32,430 tons, averaging by fire assay 2 oz. 9 dwt.

South Reef—
74,610 " " " 1 oz. 18.9 dwt.

Total 107,040	„	„	„	2 oz. 1 dwt. 14 grs. per ton
---------------	---	---	---	---------------------------------

Below the 2nd Level the Main Reef Leader has been followed down in the incline portion of the shaft, and found to be 2 feet 6 inches wide, assaying an average of 4 oz. 17 dwt. 18 grs. per ton.

The 3rd Level is opened out on this Main Reef Leader, and a main cross cut is now being driven to cut the South Reef.

Further, between the 2nd and 3rd Levels, and on the Main Reef Leader and South Reef, five winzes have been sunk, in which the average Reef widths are found to be the same as those above the 2nd Level.

On this basis, and with 250 feet backs, the 3rd Level will yield about 80,000 tons, which are at date, by the works described above, partly developed, in addition to the 107,040 tons already mentioned above the 2nd Level.

The amount of development detailed above is much in excess of that originally projected, and is due to a change of policy on the part of your Board, involving your resolution to develop and equip the Mine for 40 instead of 20 stamps, as originally intended, this change of policy having been dictated by the Reefs having proved to be 50 per cent. wider and of rather higher value than anticipated.

In pursuit of this new policy, the surface is being provided with a full 40-stamp equipment, comprising Fraser and Chalmers' 40-stamp

Mill of 1,150 lbs. per stamp, with hoist and tailings pump complete; Cyanide Works, erected in two tiers of vats, designed for double treatment, precipitation effected by Siemens and Halske's process; ample sorting house, with two 20 x 10 Blake's crushers and ore-bins attached; the necessary mill pumps and electric-lighting installation. A mill engine capable of developing 300 horse-power supplies all the power required in and about the Mill and Cyanide Works; whilst one winding engine of sufficient power to work out the Mine, one air-compressor capable of driving 10 drills, and one 30 horse-power engine to drive the crushers, are employed. A central steaming plant of 360 horse-power of boilers supplies steam to the various engines.

The whole equipment is effective, and arranged with a view to economy in working costs.

The duty of the 40-stamp Mill will probably be from 5,750 to 6,000 tons per month.

The Mine is further equipped with necessary buildings, comprising Manager's house, Secretary's house, Single and Married Men's quarters, Boarding-house, Offices and Store, Kaffir Compounds, range of Mechanics' Shops supplied with necessary machine tools, Stables, Dry-house : and, in course of erection, Assay Office, Smelting Room.

The Costs of Development and Equipment to April 30, 1896, are as follows:—

873 feet Shaft	£19,510	3	6
5,061 „ Development	35,367	16	9

				£54,878	0	3
Buildings	10,468	11	1

Machinery and Plant	38,203	10	11
Stores and Office Furniture	2,360	0	6

Investment (Chamber of Mines De- benture)	100	0	0
-----------------------------------------------------	-----	---	---

Cash on hand and Debtor	1,132 17 4
--------------------------------	------------

which amount is shown in Balance Sheet. £107,143 0 1

I had expected to have reported that 20 stamps of the Mill were already running last month, but owing to the non-delivery at date

of machinery due last Christmas I have been unable to start, but hope to do so by August 1 next.

The woodwork of the additional 20 stamps is in hand, the ironwork ordered, and expected to arrive here in August next.

I remain, Gentlemen,
Your obedient Servant,
FRANCIS SPENCER

FRANCIS SPENCER,
Manager, Bonanza, Limited.

BALANCE SHEET AT APRIL 30, 1896.

Dr.				Cr.			
To Capital Account—	300,000 Shares at £1 each	£300,000	0 0	By Claims	£125,000	0 0	
" Interest Account—	On Loans	1,096	8 8	" Permanent Works	10,510	3 6	
" H. Eckstein & Co.—	Advance, including Interest	25,965	17 3	" Buildings	10,468	11 3	
" Creditors—	For Machinery paid after April 30	£2,562	0 0	" Machinery and Plant	17,468	10 4	
For Goods supplied in April and paid in May, 1896	2,436	9 2		" Water-service	1,123	11 3	
For Contract percentage kept back as per Agreement	38	5 0		" Live Stock	25	0 0	
		5,080	14 2	" Mill Account	14,973	14 10	
				" Cyanide Works	4,484	16 0	
				" Development Account	23,569	5 6	
				" Investment Account	371	16 12	
				" Maintenance Account	4,861	11 9	
				" General Charges, Salaries, &c.	6,789	16 8	
				" Debtor, Store Account, &c.	2,136	10 6	
				" Cash on Hand.. .. .	1,122	9 10	
		£322,143	0 1		£322,143	0 0	

Johannesburg, April 30, 1896.

We hereby certify that we have examined the books and vouchers of The Bonanza, Limited, for the period ended April 30, 1896, and that the above Balance Sheet is a true statement of the affairs of the Company on that date.

Johannesburg, July 31, 1896.

F. W. DIAMOND, F.S.A.A. Eng. } *Auditors.*
JNO. MOON, }

The Golden Link Consolidated Gold Mines, Ltd.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1893.

CAPITAL - - - £550,000,

Divided into 550,000 Shares of £1 each.

DIRECTORS.

- SCOTT LINGS (Chairman), Reddish, Stockport (Managing Director Reddish Spinning Company, Limited).
 ROBERT H. CROWDEN (of the firm of Crowden & Garrod), 62 Southwark Street, S.E.
 W. LEIGH HUNT, 3 Great Winchester Street, E.C.
 HENRY PHILLIPS, 83 Ashley Gardens, S.W.
 * RICHARD J. JENKINS, J.P.C.E., of the firm of Messrs. Newton, Jenkins, & Co., Ormond House, Great Trinity Lane, E.C. (Director Eclipse Gold Mining Company, Limited).
 * DOUGLAS A. ONSLOW, The Woodhouse, Upper Richmond Road, Putney (Chairman Great Boulder East Extended Gold Mine, Limited).
 * MICHAEL TWEEDIE, 67 Redcliffe Gardens, S.W., Major-General R.A. (Chairman Hesperus Gold Mining Company, Limited, and Director Golden Link Gold Mining Company, Limited).
 * Will join the Board after the Transfer to the Company, by the Vendor Companies of which they are respectively Directors, of the property and undertakings of such Companies.

BANKERS.

- THE MANCHESTER AND LIVERPOOL DISTRICT BANKING COMPANY, LIMITED, 75 Cornhill, E.C.
 THE WESTERN AUSTRALIAN BANK, Coolgardie and Kalgoorlie, Western Australia.

SOLICITORS.

- GIBSON, WELDON & BILBROUGH, 27 Chancery Lane, W.C.
 JAMES & DARBYSHIRE, Perth, Western Australia.

AUDITORS.

- FRANK DAVIES, MEREDITH & CO., 95 and 97 Finsbury Pavement, E.C.

SECRETARY AND OFFICES.

- WILLIAM COOPER, 9 and 10 King Street, Cheapside, E.C.

THIS Company was formed for the purpose of amalgamating, acquiring, and taking over as going concerns as on the 30th day of September, 1896, the assets, undertakings, and properties of the following amongst other Companies:—

THE GOLDEN LINK GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED,
 THE ECLIPSE GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED, and
 THE HESPERUS GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.

The properties owned by these Companies comprise 95 acres, situated in the heart of the Hannans District in Western Australia, and the two extreme properties are within twelve minutes cycle distance of each other.

The Capital of the Company has been fixed at £550,000, with a view to the subsequent amalgamation and absorption of one or more other Companies in addition to the three above mentioned (for the purchase of whose undertakings £238,227 only will be required), and to provide this Company with a further substantial sum for Working Capital.

The object of the Directors is to secure unity of management, and to effect a material revuction of working expenses, the saving which will be obtained by the amalgamation of the above three Companies in Directors', Auditors', and Consulting Engineer's fees, Secretarial and office expenses, being a very substantial sum, estimated at some thousands of pounds per annum. In addition it is desired that the Shareholders should feel that this Company is being managed in their interests by a body of business men, in whom they have full confidence; and, accordingly, it is provided in the Articles of Association of the Company that the Directors above-named shall only hold office until the statutory meeting of the Company unless confirmed in their office thereat.

In addition to the mining properties before referred to, the new Company will acquire from the above Companies, on the completion of the purchases with them, upwards of £50,000 in cash and about £8,000 worth of machinery already in Australia, besides other valuable assets.

The consideration to be given by this Company to the old Companies will be satisfied by the issue of 238,227 fully-paid Shares in this Company in place of 251,410, the present issued Shares Capital of the old Companies.

Owing to the fact that a part of the assets of the Golden Link Company consists of a considerable number of Shares in the Hesperus Company, which Shares will become the property of this Company, so that it will not be necessary to issue any Shares in this Company in respect thereof, and owing to other arrangements which have been made by the Shareholders of the Eclipse Company amongst themselves, the following table shows the exact effect and operation of the amalgamation already carried out:—

	Present Issued Capital	Shares issued by New Company as Purchase Money
Golden Link Company ...	£90,000	£112,500
Eclipse Company ...	80,330	76,000
Hesperus Company ...	81,090	49,727
	<u>£251,410</u>	<u>£238,227</u>

The immediate result of the amalgamation has been, therefore, as is shown by these figures, a reduction of £13,183 in the issued capital of the Company upon which dividends will be payable.

Among the contracts entered into before the registration of this Company were four, all of which are dated the 24th day of September, 1896, and are made with William Cooper, as trustee for and on behalf of this Company, by the Golden Link Gold Mining Company, Limited, the Eclipse Gold Mining Company, Limited, the Hesperus Gold Mining Company, Limited, and Scott Lings, respectively, and since the registration of the Company these contracts have been adopted by it, and the bulk of the assets in England of those three Companies have been handed over to this Company.

The Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company can be inspected at the office of the Company at any time during business hours during the week ending the 17th October, 1896.

The Company having gone to Allotment and no Shares being offered for Public Subscription, this Notice is only intended for the purpose of giving Public Information.

The Prospectus will be Issued Simultaneously in England and France.

The Subscription List will Open on Monday, October 12, 1896, and Close on or before Wednesday, October 14, 1896, for London and Country, and on or before Saturday, October 17, for France.

Clément, Gladiator & Humber (France)

LIMITED.

Registered under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1890.

SHARE CAPITAL - - £900,000

Divided into 200,000 Six per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £1 each (preferential as to Capital as well as Dividend), and 700,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each.

The above Shares are payable, 5/- on Application, 5/- on Allotment, and the balance on November 12, 1896.

DIRECTORS.

The Right Hon. EARL DE LA WARR, Chairman of the Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Co., Limited, Chairman.

The Hon. DEREK KEPPEL, 53 Lowndes Square, London, S.W.

HENRY ERNEST WATSON, General Manager of the Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Co. (France), Limited.

* Monsieur ADOLPHE CLÉMENT, Directeur de La Société des Vélocipèdes Clément.

* Monsieur A. DARRACQ, Directeur de La Société Française des Cycles Gladiator.

* MARTIN D. RUCKER, Managing Director of Humber and Co., Limited.

* Will join the Board after Allotment.

BANKERS.

England—LLOYDS BANK, LIMITED, 222 Strand, London, and all Branches,

AND THEIR AGENTS IN

Ireland—THE BANK OF IRELAND, LIMITED, College Green, Dublin, and all Branches.

Paris—{ Applications will be received and receipts issued at the { 20 Rue Brunel.
following Offices:— { 18 Boulevard Montmartre.
{ 19 Rue du Quatre Septembre.

SOLICITORS.

JOHN B. PURCHASE, 11 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

ARTHUR T. ASHWELL, Nottingham.

BROKERS.

GEORGE WHITEHEAD and CHOWN, 23 Bucklersbury, London, E.C.

W. WILSON and SON, 36 College Green, Dublin.

HENRY SCHUHMAN and CIE, 56 Rue de la Victoire, Paris.

W. and F. CUTHBERT, Colmore Row, Birmingham.

ARTHUR E. BLAKE, Prudential Buildings, Nottingham.

AUDITORS.

MELLORS, BASDEN and MELLORS, St. Swithin's Lane, London, E.C.

SECRETARY (*pro tem.*)

S. OXENBURGH.

REGISTERED OFFICES.

28 ELY PLACE, LONDON, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

PROFITS.—The turnover of the three Companies—La Société des Vélocipèdes Clément for the 19 months ending September 30, 1895; La Société Française des Cycles Gladiator for the 18 months ending September 30, 1895; and the French business of Humber and Co., Limited, for the two years ending August 31, 1895—amounted to the sum of £602,807, whilst the profits for the same period of the two first mentioned Companies alone amounted to £87,001 3s. 6d.

£200,000 Preference, 6 per cent.	£12,000
700,000 Ordinary, 9 per cent.	63,000
	<hr/>
	£75,000

This calculation is made without taking into account any profits of the French business of Humber and Co., Limited, which should materially increase the Dividend on the Ordinary Shares.

Copies of the Prospectus, with Forms of Application for Shares, can be obtained at the Offices of the Company, or from their Bankers, Brokers, or Solicitors.

THE CROWN REEF GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.

JOHANNESBURG, SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC.

CAPITAL - - - £120,000

In 120,000 Shares of £1 each, all issued.

DIRECTORATE.

W. H. ROGERS, *Chairman*.
R. O. GODFRAY LYS, *Managing Director*.
J. W. S. LANGERMAN.
F. ROBINOW.
A. GOERZ (*Alternate*, F. W. STRAKOSCH).
C. D. RUDD (*Alternate*, E. BIRKENRUTH).
C. S. GOLDMANN (*Alternate*, R. GOLDMANN).

LONDON COMMITTEE.

CHAS. RUBE. S. NEUMANN.
JOHN ELLIOTT. E. DUVAL.

SECRETARY.

H. R. NETHERSOLE.

LONDON SECRETARY.

A. MOIR.

HEAD OFFICE.

CROWN REEF, JOHANNESBURG, S.A.R.

LONDON TRANSFER OFFICE.

120 BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHIN, E.C.

DIRECTORS' MONTHLY REPORT.

DEAR SIR,—The Directors have the pleasure of submitting the following Report on the working operations of the Company for August 1896, which shows a Total Profit of £15,648 9s. 5d. :—

MINE.

Number of Feet Driven, Sunk, and Risen, exclusive of Stopes 994½ feet.
Quartz Mined 16,120 tons.
Quartz on hand, at Surface, August 31 8,302 tons.

MILL.

Number of Days (24 hours) working 120 Stamps 29½ days.
Tons Crushed 16,318 tons.
Tons Crushed per Stamp, per 24 hours 4,570 tons.
Yield in Smelted Gold 6,855 ozs. 13 dwts.
Yield per Ton 8 dwts. 9'601 grs.

CYANIDE WORKS.

Tons Sands and Concentrates Treated 12,100 tons.
Yield in Smelted Gold 4,578 ozs. 19 dwts.
Yield per Ton 7 dwts. 13'644 grs.
Working Cost per Ton 3s. 6'620d.
Royalty Cost per Ton 1s. 5'471d.
Total Cost per Ton 5s. 0'091d.

SLIMES WORKS.

Tons Slimes Treated 2,870 tons.
Yield in Smelted Gold 433 ozs. 0 dwts.
Yield per Ton 3 dwts. 0'418 grs.
Working Cost per Ton 6s. 6'151d.
Royalty Cost per Ton 0s. 3'702d.
Total Cost per Ton 6s. 9'853d.

EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

120 Stamp Mill and Cyanide Works . 16,318 Tons Milled.

EXPENDITURE.

	Cost	Cost per Ton
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
To Mining Expenses	14,478 11 0	8 948
" Transport	985 6 3	0 4'196
" Milling	2,300 17 11	0 2 9'840
" Cyanide	3,020 12 10	0 3 8'559
" Slimes	978 16 11	0 3 2'306
" General Charges	1,881 14 11	0 3 3'676
" Mine Development	988 3 4	0 3 2'533
£39,943 7 1	1 9 4'148	
" Profit for Month	15,648 9 5	0 19 2'355
£39,591 16 6	2 8 6'303	

REVENUE.

	Value	Value per Ton
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
By Gold Accounts—		
" 5,855'65 ozs. from 120 Stamp Mill	23,858 12 9	1 9 2'005
" 4,578'95 ozs. from 120 Stamp Cyanide Works	14,233 3 9	0 17 5'337
" 433'00 ozs. from 120 Slimes Works	1,500 0 0	0 1 10'061
11,667'60 ozs.	£39,591 16 6	2 8 6'303

GENERAL.

The following are the particulars of the lineal Development work done for the month :—

47th LEVEL—
Driving on South Reef, East and West 50 6
57th LEVEL—
Driving on Main Reef Leader, East and West 16 0
Cross-cutting 31 6
67th LEVEL—
Driving on South Reef, East and West 78 6
Driving on Main Reef Leader, East and West 79 0
Sinking Winzes 29 0
77th LEVEL—
Driving on South Reef, East and West 211 6
Driving on Main Reef Leader, East and West 200 0
Sinking Winzes 188 0
Cross-cutting 18 0

Crown Reef Gold Mining Company—Continued.

8th LEVEL—
Sinking No. 1 Shaft 3 6
Sinking Winzes 24 6
Cross-cutting 12 0
9th LEVEL—
Sinking Incline Shaft 34 6
Sinking No. 1 Shaft 18 0
994 6

The tonnage of ore exposed by the above works amounts to 22,194 tons.
The 120 Stamp-Mill and Cyanide Works ran with their accustomed regularity during the past month.

As intimated in the Eighth Annual Report the Company's Slimes Works commenced operations at the latter end of July, and the first month's results will be found amongst the statistics given above. Being the first month's run many stoppages had to be made to effect minor alterations for the better working of the plant, and taking these things into account your Directors consider the results satisfactory, and anticipate a still greater increase in the Revenue from these Works in the future.

I am, Dear Sir, yours faithfully,

H. R. NETHERSOLE, *Secretary*.

Head Office, Johannesburg, September 10, 1896.

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CAPITAL - - - £100,000

Johannesburg, September, 1896.

100 HEAD MILL.

	£ s. d.
To Mining 11,123 tons 11s. 5'66d.	6,361 9 11
" Hauling and Pumping 10,847 .. 2s. 8'24d.	1,457 3 6
" Transport 11,123 .. 0s. 6'83d.	316 10 11
" Milling 11,113 .. 5s. 6'58d.	3,082 13 8
" Charges 11,113 .. 0s. 10'48d.	484 19 1
21s. 1'39d.	11,702 17 1
" Redemption on 10,847 4s. 0d.	2,169 8 0
25s. 1'39d.	13,872 5 1
" Cost of treating 6,296 tons Tailings	819 17 0

PROFIT FOR MONTH 14,602 2 3
2,463 18 0
£17,156 0 3

By 3,829'45 oz. Gold :—
At 74s. 14,168 19 3
Concentrates :—
374 oz. 1,033 0 0
651'35 ozs. Gold from Tailings 1,954 1 0
£17,156 0 3

TOTAL RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURE FOR MONTH.

	£ s. d.
To Cost, Mining and Milling	11,702 17 1
" Cyaniding	819 17 0
" Plant Account, &c.	403 16 4
" Mine Development	1,478 8 6
" Buildings, &c.	339 8 3
" Balance	2,411 18 11
£17,156 0 3	

By Gold, Concentrates and Tailings 17,156 0 3
£17,156 0 3

Driven and sunk during the Month, 392 feet.

P. C. HAW, *Secretary*.

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